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FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 1, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



[THE FENIAN ATTACK ON DONNAMORE CASTLE.]

### CHRISTINE'S REVENGE: OR.

O'HARA'S WIFE.

### CHAPTER XX.

Each had brought his own creed with him, And ponderous tomes they were.

THE horrible shouts of the Fenians outside Donnamore Castle redoubled, and then there was the sound of broken glass; the voices rose more and more, then a shot was fired. Lady Julia's screams filled that wing of the castle.

"Help me," said the Colonel, to Christine; all these women will drive me mad. Thank Heaven I left my wife in Scotland. Tell me quick, what rooms shall the ladies hide in?"

"Down on the first landing, Colonel Blandford, in the suite of the countess herself, be-cause it is not so far from that storey to the first floor, if it should be necessary to try to get them out, and if the fighting is confined to the first floor, they will be comparatively safe. Besides, there is a door with a strong bolt at

besides, there is a door with a strong both at the end of the corridor, where they can all be bolted in."

"All right. What a nerve you have! What a blessing to find such a woman," said the colonel; then to Lady Julia:

"For heaven's sake compose yourself. Follow mademoiselle to the counters, and you will all

mademoiselle to the countess, and you will all I be safely locked in."
"Come with me, Fitz-Stephens!" screamed

Lady Julia, laying hold of her cavalier's shoulder.

He shook her off, even roughly.

"You must be quiet," he said, "and go with mademoiselle. I can't be bothered. Good heavens! if the place is burnt about our ears you will drive us frantic!"

"You have a watched on "" and Lody Julie."

"You are a wretched cur!" said Lady Julia, with flashing eyes—"a wretched, cowardly cur!" "Has not your ladyship your hunting whip, that you may strike the face of Fitz-Stephens as you once struck me?"

Christine asked the question in French, and

Christine asked the question in French, and with a polished grace and glittering smile which maddened Lady Julia.

"If I had it here I would strike you, not leave off until I had blinded you," she said, furiously. Christine laughed a mocking, musical laugh, and led the way downstairs, still holding the pole and silent Elaine by the shoulder.

"You must go," said the colonel, to Lady Julia, speaking in an accent of stern command. "All you women and children must be in one part of the castle together, then we shall know what part we have to defend."

The colonel took the lady by the arm and hurried her down to the first landing. Christine drew the bolt of a strong door and showed it to

drew the bolt of a strong door and showed it to the colonel.

"When all are in this wing," she said, "I will let you know, Colonel Blandford, and then we will bolt them in."

The colonel did not for a moment comprehend that Christine had no intention of being locked in with the other women, girls and children. Lady Julia found herself now hurried along by the colonel.

Christine followed with Elaine; thus they year-not a robe for display.

arrived at the arched doorway, before which hung a velvet curtain, the door which led to the almost royal splendour of the apartments of the Countess of Donnamore. Christine drew the curtain with no gentle hand, and then beat loudly on the door.

"Let us in at once."

It was the governess who spoke in a sharp tone of authority. She was impatient to see if the marble countess would betray any fear of the marole countess would been any least of the two thousand furious rioters who had come for the express purpose of burning and sacking her proud Castle of Donnamore. "Is she marble all through?" Christine asked

Lady Donnamore's maid opened the door. large, luxurious boudoir exquisitely furnished in pale green satin and gold met the eyes of the colonel. A costly Dresden breakfast service was placed on an inlaid walnut table, drawn close to the fire. The foreign maid looked frightened to death

"Where is the countess?" asked Christine.
"The colonel must see her."

The maid passed through a panelled, gilded door into the inner room, and thence into another. The suite of the countess consisted of five rooms.

In about four minutes Lady Donnamore entered the room, on the threshold of which stood the colonel, Christine, Lady Julia and

Lady Donnamore really looked alarmed. She was pale as ashes. There were dark rings under her eyes. She wore a morning cap, and was wrapped about quite carelessly in a blue cashmere morning robe, loose and dating from last

"What is it?" she asked, sternly. Then, seeing Elaine, a faint colour dyed the haughty face.

It is this: several thousand men are swarming round the house. The telegraph wires are cut. We can't summon the soldiers in time. We must barricade the doors and shoot down all who attempt to get in, but they may get in at the other doors. All the women and children in the house must come at once to your rooms here and be locked in."

" Mine? No, there are other rooms for the servants. A few of my friends-my visitors-of course; but, Mattelle, place the women servants in the housekeeper's rooms."

"No, Lady Donnamore! The first floor of the house will be a battlefield in less than an hour, perhaps. No, we can't have women there; they must come here," the colonel spoke, firmly.

Lady Donnamore was afraid, and she gave She knew too well how little sympathy she had given to these peasants in their sorrows, how her agent Foster had driven them and won their hatred, and how that her name was coupled with his in a spirit of rage and fear, and she knew that all her treasures at Donnamore would be ruthlessly destroyed by these communists of the Green Isle without pity as without scruple. Yes, it was better to be locked up in that suite of rooms with all her female guests and servants as the colonel, who understood these matters, thought it better.

"Let them come," she said, faintly.
"All right," cried the colonel. "We will send you up wine and meat—everything you want—and coal besides. I hope the news will spread to Dungan, and that the soldiers will be ere before much harm is done.'

And then, for a quarter of an hour, the stairs were crowded with the ladies staying in the castle, their children, their maids, all hurrying frightened into the splendid suite of the coun-

Christine brought little Lady Clarice. She had to dress that trembling girl and carry her

"And now they are all inside," said Christine to the colonel, "let us bolt them in."
"You!" said the colonel. "What do you

"I mean to be where there is danger and fighting," mademoiselle answered, with a smile. "I have not a soul to grieve after me if a stray shot pierces my heart or my head, and I may be useful."

The colonel looked at her with the strongest

admiration.

"But I will not allow that, my dear child," he said. "You are still young, and life may offer you many blessings yet. A good husband, a happy home, and little children to call you mother. No; you must run no risks of stray shots, my dear, but if you like to remain outside, where you can hear moreyou have the courage, and are not afraid of the noise, you shall sit in the library. That is in a corner of the hall, and the window is high. Nobody is now at that side of the house. There is a fire there. Have you breakfasted?"

Christine said she had not.

The colonel took her to the library, set her before the fire, and then brought her, with his own hands, a loaf, a cold venison pie, and a bottle of wine.

Christine ate and drank with more than ordinary relish. It was quite true that she had hitherto hardly cared three straws for her life, but she felt that existence was going to open for her now anew, and if only she was spared she was about, she felt convinced, to see her

No conscience pricks warned this woman that though revenge is sweet, it is a sweet poison. She sat and listened to the shouts, the shots, the yells, the crash of glass. She could see nothing, because the library window was very high—a splendid painted window. The room was som-bre and rich and solemn. The fire was warm the wine was good.

Christine drank two glasses, then she heard a fearful noise—an uproar, a clamour—which set was scarcely strong her heart beating, although her face did not ardently desire to live.

change colour. Yes; the brave twenty men or so had been insufficient to defend Donnamore from the attack of the rebels. Shots and groans and cries reached the ears of Christine in the

library.

The day was still young—a bright, cold, clear November day, with a pale blue sky and a bitter wind, and the gleaming of watery sunshine. Christine would never forget that day, not if

she lived a hundred years longer.

The rebels had entered the house at last. They had driven in the oak door of the hall, and now they swarmed in. She heard their steps; she heard their voices outside. She arose, and was crossing the room when it was burst open violently, and she saw facing her Roland O'Hara, ragged, pale, with eyes aflame, with a cut in his temple, which trickled in a thin, dark stream, but he needed it not. When he saw Christine he started violently.

"Where is she?" he said; "she hates me, but she must be saved. I did not know these men were so desperate. Seven of them are shot dead by the fine gentlemen and serving men. They are howling for revenge like flends. Tel Seven of them are shot

me where to find Elaine, and save her."

"You must tell them all that she is your wife," Christine answered, calmly, "then they will spare her.'

"I cannot. She hates me."

"She worships you instead - longs to fling

her arms about you. To—"
"Hush, woman!" cried the young man,
flercely, "I listened before to your falsehoods, flercely. "I listened before to your falsehoods, believed them, lived on them, found them vilest poison. I tell you I know she hates me, but I where is she ?"

"With all the other women and children in

the castle, shut up into one wing. Oh, take these flends to the plate-chest, to the picturethese fiends to the plate-chest, to the picture-gallery, to the drawing-rooms, with their silken and velvet hangings and Dresden toys, worth thousands of pounds! Let them steal pictures and help themselves to wine in the cellars Take them out to the farms, and let them kill them have their fill of plunder and pillage, but tell them to spare the women and children."

Another shot in the hall, a loud cry, and a

deep oath.

Christine, pale and fearless, rushed out among the furious rebels, and held up her hand. Oh! the beautiful, stately, noble old entrance hall; how sternly the portraits of the dead and gone Donnamores looked down on the ragged, fierce-eyed crowd, cruel with hunger, savage through suffering, ignorant, reckless, ragged, which surged like a sea all over the wide, lofty space. Boland held Christine by the

"She is my friend," he said : "don't harm her; she is French-a republican, a lover of freedom-a Charlotte Corday!"

The crowd made way for Christine.

"And now for the plate chests!" cried Roland;

she will show you the way to them, and you must help yourselves!'

"We want the fine woman - the woman tyrant who goaded on that wretch Foster to turn me out of my home, and my wife and babe died in a barn. Where is the woman tyrant. We will have her life!"

You shall have gold and silver and wine! cried Roland O'Hara. "Here is my friend who will lead you to the plate chests, where these aristocrats store their wealth."

"We will have the jewels of those women!" cried one ruffianly looking man, and he bran-dished a hideous knotted stick above his head.

Christine Mattelle had a reckless contempt of danger, and of the value of her own life. was a woman who had poured forth all the love of her intense soul in one passion: she had invested her whole hope of earthly happiness in James Fitz-Stephens and had lost, henceforth life held no prizes for this strange being; all she lived for was to revenge the past, to punish the woman who had wrecked her happiness, and this thirst for vengeance, deadly though it was, was scarcely strong enough to make her

No; she set little value on the precious boon called life. Her cheek never blanched at the approach of danger; her heart never throbbed with fear. Yet even Christine Mattelle shuddered and turned away from the savage rioter who brandished the stick, and shuddered a

He was a short, thick-set man, dark as a gipsy, with bushy, coal-black hair, growing low on his murderous brow; his eyes were small, black, distorted by a squint, that made his face simply satanic, not to speak of a nose broken in some low prize fight, and flattened nearly level with his face; the mouth and lower jaw were coarse and sensual. The man was init naked, coarse and sensual. The man was man naked, with ragged, open shirt front, displaying a chest hairy as that of a bear; his brawny arms were bare, likewise his nether garments were ragged, and his feet were bare.

This man's hideous face expressed a brutal ferocity, joined to a satanic cunning; it was the face, the form, the expression, one comments

recons, joined to a sate the cuming it was the face, the form, the expression, one connects with an absolute fiend.

"Let us have those fine women and their diamonds in oried this monster; "their diamonds are worth all their silver rubbish, and let us make a bonfire of the castle afterwards, and shut these with these with the service."

them up, and burn them with it!"

All this was reared at the pitch of a savage and very powerful voice; a number of furious voices echoed the infamous proposal. The blood of the rioters was up; seven men had met their death in striving to force an entrance into Donnamore; seven corpses would be howled over that night in some great barn or farmhouse kitchen by the mourners who bewail dead for hire; seven wives would sit on the ground and beat their breasts and shed silent tears, and how many children would be left

With all the unreasonableness which is the characteristic of most enthusiasts, the comrades of the dead men refused then and ever after to see that the misguided creatures only met the natural consequences of their mad folly and

law-breaking violence.

In the eyes of that crowd, those seven men were gallant heroes, murdered by tyrants while striving to redress the wrongs of their country, not housebreakers and burglars who were try-ing to enter the peaceful home of another man, and who were shot down by the defenders of that home.

Their furious passions were aflame. When Dandy Carroll—that was the name of the squinting ruffian with the stick—proposed to find the women and take their jewels, and burn them with the castle, there was not a single dissenting voice raised save that of Roland. The better educated men, sich as Sullivan O'Flyn and many others, were absent from this attack on Donnamore, although they had organised it and had sent on Roland to head the organised it and had sent on Roband to fleet the others. Only one of those men whom we saw at the meeting under the "Rose Tayern" was present, and that was Koffman, the yellow, bald-headed Russian gentleman, who had suffered so much under despots at home, and who went about seeking vengeance on all whom he considered

oppressors.
"Lead us to the women! let us humble the countess in the dust! let us see how she will look with her clothes torn, and a little dust and gravel stuffed into her mouth !"

The voice of Koffman, the Russian, was heard making this horrible proposal. Christine's heart beat wildly. She lived chiefly that she might be avenged on Lady Donnamore, but the vulgarity and brutality of this hideous crowd shocked her innate refinement. She did not desire to spare the countess one pang, still the coarse cruelty of these mad rebels sickened her.

"No; let her suffer as I have done, the tor-ture of years in soul and heart and spirit," she said to herself; "but let her not be brutally murdered on her own hearthstons. I thought I wished that once, but I find I am not so coarse in fibre as these.

"We are liberators, my friends!" cried Roland; "we are not murderers!"

"Lead us to them!—lead us to them, you young woman!" said Dandy, pointing his stick

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at Christine. "You know, begorra, where they are, and where their diamonds are hidden; if you don't, we'll begin with you; blow your pretty head off your shoulders, and toss the rest of you out of window! Ha! ha! ha!"

"I am not afraid of you, my friends," said Christine, speaking in a clear voice, while her great eyes flashed, and she was pale as death. "I am not afraid, because you are too brave to

I am not afraid, because you are too brave to hurt the helpless; as for me, if my poor life can help the cause of freedom, take it; you are wel-

A faint cheer greeted the conclusion of that little speech. Christine went on: "You have come here to punish the pride of these oppressors of the people by spoiling the proud castle which has frowned on the peasantry for centuries. You have come to help yourselves to whatever is valuable and precious and costly, also to drink the earl's wine and to partake of his dainties, and to help yourselves to his gold and silver; but you are men, not demons, and you have not come here to steep your hands in the innocent blood of the helpless."

A loud, prolonged cheer greeted this appeal.
"Lead us on!" cried a hoarse, rough voice.
"Show us where this wine and food are to be found, for we are famishing."

And Christine hand in head with Poland 164.

And Christine, hand-in-hand with Roland, led the way at once to the pantries and cellars. In the first pantry were huge cold cooked joints, pies, game, cheeses, hams. The hungry crowd pies, game, cheeses, hams. The hungry crowd pounced upon the food and began to cut the joints with the knives that Christine handed joints with the knives that Christine handed them furiously. There was a great barrel of strong ale on tap in the butler's pantry. In a few minutes jugs and cups were filled with this beverage, and the majority of the men became less savage as they grew satisfied with the ex-

But at least two thousand men had surrounded Donnamore. Not more than two hundred in all had as yet entered the house, the others, drawn up and armed, surrounded the castle on all sides. Burning and pillage was their object, but they watched every door and window by which anyone could possibly escape and give alarm to the military stationed at Dungan. They knew that the success of their scheme depended on the soldiers remaining ignorant of the attack.

Christine and Roland continued to divide the food among the hungry rioters, or at least to give it to them to divide among themselves. All this while the intrepid Frenchwoman saw not the face of one of the defenders of the not the face of one of the derenders of the castle. James Fitz-Stephens, Colonel Blandford, the other visitors, the ten serving-men, where were they? Were they all killed, or had they escaped? The latter seemed impossible. Christine could not reconcile such a supposition with their bravery.

"Now then," cried Dandy—who had drunk a quart of ale and eaten the whole of a good sized game pie—"now then, where is this gold and silver you promised us, young woman? Bekase if you betray us you will be hanged. We have our laws now. All your lot have had things their way long enough."

things their way long enough."

Christine knew that there was a cupboard sunk deep in the wall. In this was a huge chest filled with cups and bowls and dishes of silver; also there was a complete dinner service of solid gold, valued at seven thousand pounds. Surely all that spoil ought to suffice to purchase the lives of the women and girls and children upstairs on the first landing; but there was a Chubb's lock, and the key was always in the possession of Lady Donnamore.

Christine hed, now never this coal the

Christine had not considered this, and she frowned at thought of the difficulty she would have to face. She knew that in the sideboard drawers there were plenty of silver forks and spoons and salt-cellars easy to come at, and she directed the men who stood near her to help themselves to these, but soon the men began to grumble and dispute over this booty. It was nothing amongst so many; a fork and spoon apiece did not satisfy them. All at once they made a dash at whatever they could lay their hands on without listening to Christine. The ale was in their heads; they roared and shouted

downright earnest.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Look out! look out! the night is wild, With many a ghastly form.

THE afternoon was still light enough for the housebreakers to see the superb satin couches and cushions, the cabinets of inlaid abony and ivory, all loaded with priceless Dreaden toys, the grand sweep of the satin curtains, with their heavy golden fringes, the gleaming mirrors, the pictures, the statues, the two pianos, solid ebony and inlaid gold, with exquisite portraits of the Court beauties of the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis's set in medallions in the front. A gorgeous room—a room in which there was so much that was sumptuous that persons of severe taste might have found fault with the task of the countess in regard to her ideas of embellishment, although all the colours blended harmoniously, and the tone of the whole was in perfect accord; not an incongruous chair or cushion, or picture or ornament, yet you felt that wealth alone could command such an assemblage of the splendid and the rare.

This room was one of the favourite possessions of the Countess of Donnamore. She had brought to it all her most valued china treasures, and the unique cabinets for which she had paid thousands of pounds. The carpet was a marvel of elegance and beauty. The feet sunk into it

No servants below the butler, housekeeper, and ladies maids were suffered, in a general way, to enter this favourite salon of the coun-

Christine Mattelle knew all this, and now her heart leaped within her into a savage joy. Already the brutal crowd were in the room. Within ten minutes the cabinets were swept of their Dresden treasures. These rioters and robbers put a few hundred pounds' worth into their pockets, the rest they dashed in wanton spite against the inlaid table

Then they ran to the fireplace, seized the fire-irons, and began forthwith to smash the mirrors, Next they turned their attention to the exquisite cases of the pianos. These they battered and beat out of all likeness to their former

They smashed the keys and tore them out of the instruments. Then they hacked and cut with knives which they had brought from the pantries the lovely carpet with its exquisitely blended and rich tinting.

blended and rich tinting.

They fore out great pieces of it, and trampled on the rest with their muddy feet. They backed the tables, broke the chairs, split the couches, and tore out the springs and the stuffing.

Roland watched them with a very gloomy face. Somehow this sacking of the Castle of Donnamore, which he had looked upon as a great deed to be achieved, seemed to be revolving itself into a brutal and vulgar riot. What if. itself into a brutal and vulgar riot. What if, after all, he had been an accomplice in what was a cowardly deed instead of a noble one. Had not these rioters made war upon a defenceless woman in the absence of her husband? Roland was but nineteen years old. He began to be afraid that he had made a great mistake.

Where are the visitors and the servants?"

Christine asked him, suddenly.
"I don't know. Shots were exchanged. We have lost seven men."

have lost seven men."
"Then it may be that James Fitz-Stephens is dead?" Christine said, in a low tone.
"I think not. I think all those men are now prisoners in the stables. I daresay they will hang them before the morning, though. In times men become fiends."

Roland spoke sorrowfully.

"Roland, I want revenge, but murder—no!
You will help me to save as many lives as possi-

"We have seven men lying dead," answered Roland. "I suppose, as they are peasants, rough and ignorant, that matters little according

and ran into the drawing-room, and then the to the creed of your patrons. But yes; I will work of cruel and senseless destruction began in save the lives of as many as I can. In fair fight I care not who I kill nor who kills me?" and he laughed a bitter laugh.

At that moment Dandy Carrol leaned upon an ottoman which had escaped destruction, and

he shouted out:

"Now for the key of the plate chest. will have the golden dinner service of which we all heard so much. A plate apiece will keep us like kings for a year. Give us the key at once!

like kings for a year. And a tonce! at once! roared the crowd.

And a hundred more men or so poured in

through the open windows. The room was now through the open windows. The room was so full that Christine was pressed closely to the

side of Roland.

"If I could get out," she whispered, "I might try and give them that plate. I wonder if they will go afterwards?"

"They will not go to-night," Roland answered. "They will carouse in the castle, sleep on the down beds, find their way to the wine cellars, drink themselves hoarse, and be taken by the soldiers in the morning. Let me speak to them."

And the lad raised his voice and asked to be heard, and leave was given. Then he told them that after they had gotten what plunder they

required they would disperse.
"For the soldiers will be upon us in the morn-

ing," he said.

"Nay, we mean to burn this castle to the ground," said Dandy.

"Then the conflagration will attract the whole

"Then the coningration will attract the whole county," said Roland. "Let us take what we can get and disperse.

"The gold plate! the gold plate!" roared a hundred voices. "The dinner service, with a hundred pieces, in fifteen carat gold! Give it to

"Let me go and seek the key," whispered Christine to Roland. "I must find the countess."

Somehow Christine did pass through the roaring crowd and up the now dark staircase. she stood before the door of that wing on the first landing wherein were hidden all the women and children in the Castle of Donnamore.

She had the key in her pocket. She drew it out, passed in, locked it on the inside, and ran swiftly along the corridor leading to the apartments of the countess. She knocked at the door and called out:

"Open, it is I, Mattelle, alone. Where is the

countess?"

She was admitted. The terrified ladies were all gathered about a fire in the boudoir of the countess. Lady Donnamore herself, white and rigid and changed, advanced towards Chris-

"What is all that uproar?" she asked.
"The rioters in the house. They demand that you be given up to them."
"I—you must be mad! Where have you been, Mattelle?"

I want the key of the plate-chest, that I may

"I want the key of the plate-enest, that I may divide the golden dinner-service amongst them, otherwise they will be here presently."

A fearful shriek rang through the room at that moment. The shriek of a woman in mortal anguish. The report of a pistol made the room vibrate. The voice of the woman was the voice of Leav Julio Savilla. A fate worse than death of Lady Julia Saville. A fate worse than death had overtaken her.

The inner apartment of that suite of rooms which belonged to the countess was an elaborate bath-room fitted with two baths of pure white marble, one on each side of a divan of crimson velvet which occupied the centre of the chamber. The walls of this room were of pale green marble; panels of a dark grey colour were in-serted here and there. On these were painted classical figures of graceful heathen nymphs and cassical ngures of graceau nearner hympas and goddessed masterly copies of the grand antique. The bath-room opened into a conservatory filled with the richest, rarest flowers. This conservatory led out upon a flight of stone steps which rose out of a secluded path in the shrubbery.

Christine had forgotten this easy mode of

entrance to the rooms of Lady Donnamore when she recommended them as the safest retreat for the women and children of the household. Somebody then, or was it a band of rebels, had broken first into the conservatory and now into the rooms of the countess, for this attack came from the rear. There was only the radiance of very subdued lamp in the room, and by that faint light it was difficult to see what had hap-pened, and how many intruders had attacked the ladies' rooms from the rear.

Confusion there was, and the sound of many voices; screams of women and the trampling of feet, but above all rose the sound of a woman's shrick; a wild, prolonged yell of anguish, like the cry of a lost soul. Everybody knew who the woman was that now filled the rooms with her frantic voice—Lady Julia Saville, the world's darling; the insolent, pampered beauty whom nobody ever presumed to find fault with or to criticise, save in timid whispers. There was a hush, presently among those others—an awful hush full of meaning, eloquent of horror.

"What has happened? Oh, what is the matter with poor Lady Julia?"

It was the gentle little Lady Clarice who spoke, and she asked the question of her gover-

ness, Mademoiselle Mattelle.

Christine did not answer. She had paused breathless in the midst of her entreaties to the countess that that lady would give up the key of the safe which contained the precious dinner-service of golden plate. The lady looked at Christine with cold, proud eyes, and refused to

part with the key.
"They will murder you, Lady Donnamore!"
"No; Colonel Blandford will have sent for the soldiers by that time."

"The colonel is a prisoner; the telegrah wires At that moment it was that the shricks of

Lady Saville became so loud and appalling that the marble countess exclaimed:
"Great heaven! what is the matter!

And Lady Clarice asked the same question more gently, and then began to weep. Lady Julia's maid rushed into the room from the inner apartment. Poor Pamette sprang to the side of Christine, in whom there seemed to be strength and the calmness of power. The fact was that Christine really despised death and danger for herself, and her cold courage and proud daring was a sort of rock for the sinking to cling to.

"Mademoiselle, will you not come to her, it

is awful?"

"What ?" Christine asked, coolly. In her heart she was saying to herself:
"If somebody has killed that cruel, mischievous wretch, the earth will be well rid of a
monster!"

"It was a man; he sprang in, broke the glass of the conservatory, and then he let off his pistol at the side-face of my mistress, and then laughed and told us servants why he did it. He

is gone again now." Barricade the door of the bath-room," said Christine, coolly; "there are quite enough of you women to push the chests and the great piano against it, and then pile those up with boxes; it ought to have been done before; I had forgotten that entrance from behind; only one man, you say?"

"Only one, but he has disfigured my lady for all her life. One eye is—" "Hush! woman!" the countess said, sternly;

"do not dare to repeat shocking details before me and my daughters. Mattelle—you have nerve. Go and see the Lady Julia, and perhaps you can suggest some remedies if she is really much hurt?"

"If she is really much hurt!"

Christine echoed the words of her imperious mistress aloud, and looked at her with a cold smile of triumphant malice on her lips which the marble countess had never seen before. Could it be that she had not subdued and conquered that very rebellious nature after all?

"Yes, Mattelle, go at once."
The countess waved her governess away with an impatient gesture.

"Yes, Mattelle must go at once!" Christine echoed, in mocking tones.

"Mattelle is mad with fear, I think," the countess said to a lady visitor, who sat near to

Christine entered the other room; it was the sumptuous sleeping chamber of the Countess of Donnamore. A crowd of women and girls, among whom was the Lady Elaine, were sur-rounding a satin couch, on which lay a woman, writhing in unutterable torture.

"Go, some of you, and barricade that outer door, if you have any sense," said Christine, "otherwise a dozen men will enter again pre-sently and murder you all!"

Christine, however, soon came to the cenclusion that there was no fear of that immediately at least, for the ferocious assailant of Lady Julia Saville was actuated only by a horrible thirst for vengeance on the miserable sufferer who now lay "shricking fit to take the roof off," to quote the housemaids.

Christine went close to the sufferer; the others made way for her. She would have been appalled had any other than a detested foe lain shricking before her. As it was, she looked on coldly, gravely without smiling, in triumph without shuddering through fear or pity.

(To be Continued.)

#### MY COTTAGE HOME.

In a little fairy valley, Where the oak and maple twine, Where a silver streamlet wanders, Is this pretty home of mine.
Where the wild flowers bloom the sweetest

And the robins love to come, And the brighest sunbeams linger, Is my little cottage home.

I have heard of fairer countries And of skies that brighter seem, Where the flowers are ever blooming,

And the trees are ever green; And of cities with their splendour Far beyond the ocean's foam, Yet I am well contented With my pretty cottage home.

To be sure, no terraced gardens Are around my simple cot, No choice exotics, yet as sweet The wild forget-me-not; No peak except the forest, Where the red deer loves to roam. Yet nature seems to bless me In my quiet cottage home.

Some boast of fame and glory, And others solid wealth, Yet I care not for their glitter With the blessed boon of health. The king may claim his palace
And the titled lord his dome; They know not the enjoyment Of a simple cottage home. C. P.

### SCIENCE.

### PAPER FOR PREVENTING FRAUD.

Mr. A. NESBIT, of Gracechurch Street, London, is the manufacturer of a paper for cheques, bank notes, deeds, law documents, or other instru-ments of a similar character, so as to prevent alterations by the use of chemicals, including acids and cynnide of potassium. For this purpose he mixes with the paper pulp or passes the manufactured paper through an alkaline solution of peroxide of iron (or any salt of peroxide of iron) and ferrocyanide of potassium, or other base, in which the iron is kept from precipitating by the addition to the solution of tartaric acid, citric acid, sugar tartrates or citrates, or other

organic substances having the power of preventing the precipitation of oxide of iron by an alkali, or sulphocyanide may be substituted for ferrocyanide, or ferricyanide may be substituted for ferrocyanide, and the salt of protoxide of iron

for one of oxide of iron.

Upon the application of a chemical to paper manufactured or treated according to the invention a colour or stain will be produced, whether the chemical be applied over ink or not.

#### THE CATALPA.

PROFESSOR BURRILL says that from experiments performed the catalpa is found to be one of the cheapest and earliest trees to grow, and or the encapest and earliest trees to grow, and one of the most rapidly growing of our forest trees, native or introduced. Its growth has been surpassed only by the white willow and soft maple, among the various trees tested in the last eight years. It has outgrown the American elm, white ash, European larch, Osage orange and black walnut, on the same ground, and under the same treatment. It is not attacked by any insect. The young trees were set two feet by four, cut back and cultivated like corn for three years, and ploughed one of the two succeeding years. This was good management. The trees are now large enough for half to be thinned out. The average height is more than sixteen feet; they are straight and erect.

#### BRIER ROOT PIPES.

BRIER ROOT PIPES.

Much of the wood used for making the socalled "brier root" pipes is derived, it appears,
from Corsica. The white heath, or bruyère (of
which "brier" is a corruption), grows in great
luxuriance and very abundantly among the
trees and shrubs which form what is called the
"maquis" covering the mountain sides.

In the course of the last few years, since brier
wood pipes have become such a large article of
trade, the heath trees have become a source of
lucrative industry. The roots are dug up and
cut into rough forms of tobacco pipes by circular

cut into rough forms of tobacco pipes by circular saws worked by the water power of the moun-tain streams. The pieces, when cut up, are sent in sacks to France, and thence to America, to be eventually manufactured into "brier root pipes."

### SALICYLIC ACID WITH BORACIC ACID.

Bотн of the above acids are extensively em-ployed as antiseptics in foods, as neither of them

ployed as antiseptics in 1000s, as neither of them alone imparts any unpleasant flavour, but if both are used together a decidedly bitter taste results. This fact was first noticed by Dr. Hager, who examined a milk with a bitter taste, but failed to find any particular bitter substance in it. On further examination it was found that borax had been added to protect it against the heat of been added to protect it against the heat of summer, and afterward a little salicylic acid was added for its preservation during transportation.

Another case was where a mixture of 2 parts alicylic acid, 2 of borax, 30 of alcohol, and 200 of water had an exceptionally bitter taste. In both cases the bitter taste was produced by this combination of salicylic acid with borax. That it was due to the acid and not to the soda, was proved by the bitterness being imparted at once to a solution of salicylic acid on putting in some boracic acid.

Consequently the use of both antiseptics at once must be avoided, and only one employed at a time. To test the truth of Dr. Hager's Hager's assertion, our readers need only to dissolve a grain or two of boracic acid in alcohol on a watch-glass and then add a crystal of salicylic acid; in a few seconds the taste will be almost as bitter as that of sulphate of quinine. Per-haps salicylic acid can be employed as a quick and certain test for boracic acid in food, especially canned meats.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a general change of quarters among the battalions of Foot Guards in the spring.

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THE UNEXPECTED MEETING. !

# FRANK BERTRAM'S WIFE:

# Love at First Sight.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

" That Young Person," " Why She Forsook Him," " Strong Temptation," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

A MEETING.

For contemplation he and valour formed; For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

"Frank, you ought to marry."
This speech came from an old lady with soft, silvery hair and a handsome face, in which love and pride were strangely blended. She wore a cap of delicate point lace. Her long, grey dress was of rich silk. Precious gems shone on her withered hands.

Apparently a great many of life's good things had fallen to her share, and this was so, for in all Downshire few women had led more easeful lives-few possessed more luxuries-than Mrs. Bertram.

Full seventy years had passed over her head, and for more than twenty of them she had been a widow. The man before her was her only son, Frank Bertram, of the Knoll, owner of a splendid income and one of the fairest estates in Downshire, the last of a fine old name, a scholar, a politician, and a gentleman, against whom society could urge but one neglect. Surely in such a position it was his duty to marry? Yet Frank Bertram had reached the age of thirty-five without speaking a word of love to any woman, and without giving the most hopeful mamma any ground to think her daughter would ever be mistress of the Knoll.

It was a lovely June evening, and Frank had only just returned from a foreign tour. He had gone straight to his mother's boudoir, and the two, who leved each other better than anything else in the world, exchanged a loving greeting. There was much to say and hear on both sides. Mrs. Bertram's great desire was to see her son's wife—to know there was a prospect of the race of Bertram being continued before her time came to quit this mortal scene. A dozen times had she attempted match-making for Frank, and a dozen times had she failed, yet she was in no

wise resigned to his single state.

Frank Bertram was a singularly handsome man. He was tall and well made. No common intelligence shone in his dark eyes. His fore-head was broad and high, his mouth well-shaped, though its expression was cynical. His dark brown hair curled thickly, and there was in his whole face the imprint of strength and pride. A man to brook no interference, to love tenderly if he loved at all, yet too stern to be mercifultoo keen of judgment to be forgiving. He smiled as his mother spoke; not a pleasant smile. The topic bored him.

"I thought that subject was at rest, mother. Are you so very tired of me that you want to provide the Knoll with another mistress?"

"You know I am not, Frank, but you are the last of the Bertrams, and I think it would break my heart if no child of yours were to reign here after you."

"Time enough yet, mother."
"So you always say. I can't think what you want, Frank; rank, wealth, beauty, I believe you could have had them all for the asking."

"You can't understand, mother. A never cares for a girl who is too ready to please him. I don't want to buy a wife."

"There are such things as love marriages." "In novels, yes; nowhere else. The world is a great deal too practical in this nineteenth cen-

"At least you will stay with me now, Frank, a little while. You won't be rushing off again directly?"

"I'll stay till you're tired of me, mother, or if you have the bad taste to make that too long a process till August, I've promised to go north shooting with Charles Stuart then."
"I did not know Mr. Stuart was in Eng-

"Yes; he has come into quite a pretty little fortune. No need for him to grind away at the law now."

"Sometimes I think, Frank, it would have been better if you had been forced to grind away at something."

"I should never have earned my bread and cheese. What a lovely evening it is. I'll just go out and have a cigar. I shall see you again.

go out and have a cigar. I shall see you again, mother."

He went quickly out through the glass windows, and lighting a weed, strolled leisurely down the grounds. A proud sense of ownership seized him, as he saw his beautiful home,

lovely in the glory of a summer evening.
"After all," he said, half aloud, "my mother is right. It would be a thousand pities for the Knoll to go to a stranger."

He wandered on through the grounds, thinking a little seriously of his past life. There was but one word to describe its whole course success. At school and college he had gained high honours, and in the long years which fol-lowed he had never wished for anything without gaining it! Never made a design without gaining it! Never made a design without carrying it out. To him the words failure and disappointment were entirely unknown.

He was thinking so earnestly that he did not hear a light step near him, and looking up sud-denly he found himself face to face with a young girl, whose white dress and soft, flowing hair, uncovered by hat or bonnet, seemed to say she must be a guest at the Knoll. For one moment the two looked intently at each other. Then

Frank said, courteously:
"I think you must be one of my mother's friends. Let me introduce myself as Mrs. Bertram's son."

The girl looked up at him with startled, wondering eyes.

" Mrs. Bertram has only one son, and he is in Greece.

"No; indeed; he has returned suddenly, and has the honour of speaking to you now. We you tell me by what name I am to call you?

"I am Muriel Lestrange," was the answer, in a singularly sweet girlish voice, "and I have been staying with Mrs. Bertram a long time.

been staying with Mrs. Detained.

Are you really her son?"

"Yes. Surely and truly, Miss Lestrange."

"But she did not expect you the least in the world. She wrote to you only yesterday."

"I am fond of surprises, no I came home

Almost unconsciously both were slowly bending their steps towards the house. Lestrange was like a child in her careless inno-Shyness and reserve were unknown to cence. her.

"I like surprises too when they are pleasant

"I hope you do not consider my arrival an unpleasant one, Miss Lestrange, or I shall have to think of going back to Greece."

"I am very glad for your mother, she will be so delighted; she has missed you very much." "Mothers generally keep a warm corner in their hearts for an only son, if he is ever such a

black sheep." "Are you a black sheep, Mr. Bertram?" But he did not attempt to answer her. Instead he asked another question.

"Do you live near here, Miss Lestrange? never remember meeting you before, and I am

sure I should not have forgotten you."

"Oh, no, I live in London, at least I mean I used to. I don't live anywhere now."

"My mother is fortunate in having tempted you to stay with her.'

"I did not need much tempting," said Muriel, frankly; "it is so pleasant here after being with Aunt Martha and all the children, you can't think."

Then you like the Knoll?" "I like it better than any place in the world."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"I must make haste," said Muriel; "I promised Mrs. Bertram I would be in by nine, and I have no idea of the time."

"There is no hurry," said Frank, gently.
"But indeed there is. Mrs. Bertram has coffee at nine, and I always pour it out for

her. " Mother will manage so much labour herself

to-night." "Ah, but I want some coffee too, I am so Don't you hurry," for Frank was quickening his steps to keep pace with hers. I daresay you are tired if you came all the way from Greece to-day."

Muriel utterly forgot her geography as she said this. To be frank with you, Muriel was not learned, and she had not the art to conceal her ignorance.

Ah, but I did not," returned Mr. Bertram, as though her last remark had been perfectly natural. "I only came from London to-day. I am not tired at all, and really I begin to think I should like some coffee too."

"It is very nice," simply.

"Have you known my mother long?" asked Frank, whose curiosity had been fairly aroused. "Oh, no, only a few months, but it seems ages to me. Mrs. Bertram came to call on Aunt Martha when she was in town, and then she asked me to come here."

And you came?"

"Yes, for a month, and I have been here three. I suppose I am very wicked, but I like the Knoll much better than Clapham."

"Does your Aunt Martha live at Clapham?" "Yes. Uncle Nehemiah is a minister there. Oh, Mr. Bertram, did you ever know minister?

"No; I suppose they are very good?"

"Oh, yes, dreadfully. There were so many things at Clapham it was wrong to do, that there seemed nothing left that was right but praying and needlework, and I don't like that."

me to work to make nightcaps for the heathen, but I'm afraid I didn't get on."

They were mounting the terrace steps now.

Frank pushed open the low, French windows of the boudoir for his companion. Muriel tripped lightly in, went straight up to Mrs. Bertram, and said, gaily:

"Oh, please, did you wait coffee? Mr. Bertram says he wants some very much."

And as the matron smiled Muriel seated herself before the tray of delicate china and silver, and asked Frank, with demure gravity, whether he took milk and sugar.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### A PARTING.

Farewell
For in that word—that fatal word, howe'er
We promise hope, believe—there breathes
despair.

Two years before Frank Bertram met Muriel Lestrange wandering in the pleasant gardens of the Knoll, the greatest change in the girl's whole life came to her—the change which was to influence her whole future. Her mother to influence her whole future.

Do you know London, reader? Not the gay, crowded thoroughfares of the West-end, not the pleasant villas of Kensington or the spacious mansions of Belgravia, but the narrow, sordid streets where the sun never shines, and no flowers ever grow-whose sole recommendation is that they are respectable.

In almost every suburb you will find such streets, they are the great resort of the shabby genteel, of people who once were rich and now are poor-poorer, perhaps, than those for whom soup-kitchens and clothing clubs are organised; the class just above district visiting and coal tickets, who have seen better days, but step by step have sunk in the social scale, till glad to ccupy dingy, ill furnished rooms in Mint Street, Islington.

As a general rule, the names of localities are most inappropriate, and such was the case with Mint Street. I am positive none of its inhabitants had any dealings with the Mint. The great profession of the neighbourhood was apartment letting, and as their lodgers were generally poorer than themselves I beg you distinctly to understand that the population was not wealthy.

One June day, in the front parlour of No. 27, Mint Street, Muriel Lestrange and her sister sat alone. They were cheap black dresses trimmed with common crape. Muriel's eyes were red with crying. She looked a tall, lanky girl of fifteen, with glorious eyes, certainly, and a fine head of hair, but no other promise of beauty.

Very different to the fair vision which greeted Frank Bertram's eyes two years later. She was on a low stool at her sister's feet, her head pillowed on her lap. Muriel was not a strong nature; she clung instinctively to someone for support, and Beatrice was the only one left now to give it.

The sisters were a great contrast. More than six years divided them in age, and many more in thought and experience. Muriel was a child backward for her age; the special darling of the mother who but yesterday had been laid in her grave.

Beatrice, young as she was, had been that mother's stay. For years she had fought the sharp battle of poverty. If suffering and sorrow early transform girls into women, then indeed Beatrice Lestrange's girlhood was long a thing of the past. But of one gift, no poverty, no sorrow, no toil, had been able to rob her. Beatrice was beautiful, with a loveliness rarely seen save in pictures. In her poor ill-made dress she looked what she was —a woman dowered with a beauty a duchess might have

Tall and slender, the perfect outline of her figure was almost forgotten in the sweetness of and needlework, and I don't like that."

"Which, praying or needlework?"

"Both; but I meant needlework. They set living, loving woman's soul that shone out of you have a home will be my best comfert,

her violet eyes which charmed most; yet those eyes could look proud as well as tender; her wouth was firm as well as loving.

Beatrice was a strong nature; sensitive to a degree; made to feel joy and sorrow deeply, yet able to command itself; even now, worn as she was by grief, no tear had fallen on her cheek; she carried her head as bravely as though she saw some glimpse of light in the future when all looked black.

Yet calm as she seemed, the bitterness of despair was at her heart. She feared the task of supporting herself, and Muriel was beyond her strength; it seemed that in this busy world, when every statue is said to have its niche, they two were two too many. Muriel broke the silence. Raising her head from its resting place, softly she spoke her sister's name

" Beatrice !

"Yes, dear."
If ever love, sadness, anxiety, and tenderness could be expressed in two words, they were

"Oo you think he will come?"
"Who, Murie!?"
"Uncle Nehemiah."
"I do not know," slowly. "I can't tell what tothink. His wife was mamma's own sister, she
may persuade him."
"I wish you'd tell me all about it. Restricts

wish you'd tell me all about it, Beatrice. Ever since I can remember, you and mamma seem to have had some secret. We have no relations or friends like other people. Do tell me all about it ?"

"Will you be the happier for knowing, Muriel?"

Yes," with all the certainty of fifteen. "I

am sure of it." "Mamma and Aunt Martha were left orphans," began Beatrice, simply; "they were very fond of each other, and nothing ever seemed able to separate them till mamma mar-

"What was our father like, Beatrice?" But Beatrice evaded the question.

When I was quite a child, Muriel," Aunt Martha used often to come to see us; she had a kind, gentle face, and I used to fancy she was like mamma."

" No one could be that," put in Muriel, doubt-

Well, soon after that, dear, she married "Well, soon after that, deer, she married Mr. Stubbs, and he was a dissenting minister who thought all kinds of amusement wrong. Our father was an actor, the stage was our bread; Mr. Stubbs looked on it as a positivesin; he forbade Aunt Martha to come near us, and we have never seen her since."

"And when papa died, Beatrice, wouldn't they come then?"

"Mamma never wrote to them till last week.

Mamma never wrote to them till last week. "Mamma never wrote to them till last week. She was proud, and she struggled on while she could, only when she felt she was leaving us for your sake, dear, she wrote to Aunt Martha and asked her to give you a home until you were old enough to earn your own living."

"I hope Aunt Martha won't," said Muriel, with a smothered sob. "You are all I have got left, Beatrice; how can I leave you?"

Beatrice kissed her fondly.

Beatrice kissed her fondly.
"Our mother wished it, dear! You are too young and helpless to battle with the world as I do." must

You aren't fit to work, not a bit. How shall you manage, Beatrice? Mrs. Payne only gives you thirty pounds a year; you can't live on

" No, Muriel, I am thinking of leaving Mrs.

Payne. "Leaving Mrs. Payne," echoed Muriel.
"Why you've taught the children for nearly
three years."
"Yes, but we had mother's little income

then. It is all changed now. I want to get on, for, Muriel, if you and I are ever to have a home of our own again I must work for it."
"Can't I work too?"

" No." And Beatrice shook her head sorrow Muriel, and I think Aunt Martha will be kind to her sister's child."

"But where will you go?"
The answer was deferred. A prolonged knock sounded at the door, and a minute later the red-faced landlady showed in a tall, wiry looking man of fifty, with a preternaturally solemn face, man of micy, with a precent that sold in the hair which never turns grey; white lips, and an expression in which self-complacency was admirably blended with deprecation of other people's

He took a chair and sat down leisurely before he paid the slightest attention to the two girls. Muriel trembled with agitation, but Beatrice appeared unmoved. She stood stately as a

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"We are all miserable sinners."

Such was Mr. Nehemiah Stubbs' greeting to his wife's nieces. Muriel stood open-mouthed in astonishment, while her sister looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"I got your mother's letter. Your aunt wanted to come with me, but as all was over I told her she had better not. What good could do when even my ministrations were too

"It was kind of my aunt to think of it," said Muriel, bravely, breaking the ice. "I have never seen her, but Beatrice remembers her well."

well."

"And I suppose you are absolutely penniless?"
inquired Mr. Stubbs, amiably. "The wicked
never prosper long. Your father rode in his own
carriage like a green bay tree when I first knew
him. Now he hath faded away suddenly like
the grass. The wicked never prosper long."
Beatrice looked at Muriel, and the girl
checked the angry words which were rising to
her lips. Miss Lestrange turned to the minister:
"We have no money none at all, but I can

"We have no money, none at all, but I can earn my own living. I am not afraid of work. All we ask of you is to give Muriel a home until she is able to be a governess."

"How—how old are you?" sharply, to

"Fifteen," returned the girl. Her uncle's manner exasperated her, and but for Beatrice's warning look of entreaty, her answer might

have been yet more abrupt.

"Fifteen! It's time you should be doing something for yourself. You can read and write,

something for yourself. Tou can read and write, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, and I know French and music. Beatrice has taught me all she could."

"She'd better have taught you to sew and dust than such worldly acts, I am thinking. Ours is a pious household, and we want no sinful tricks of fashion."

I don't think we can be very fashionable,"

said Muriel, quietly.
"Well, you can't help being your father's child, more's the pity for it, and you are something like your mother, who was a deal too good for him, so I don't mind lending you a helping hand so much. I've got nine children of my own, and I'm a poor man; still I daresay we shall find food and raiment for you somehow. It'll be snatching a weed from the burning, for after a year or two at our Bethel you might have a chance of becoming a child of grace."

"Thank you," said Muriel, with as much gratitude as she could muster. "I will try hard and be no trouble to you and Aunt

"We're born to troubles," said Mr. Stubbs, politely. "You'll only be one of many; and now let's have a word of prayer."

Before the sisters could reply he was on his knees and commenced a lengthy petition. He prayed first for Bethel and the elect of Bethel. Then he besought that the child of wrath before him might not contaminate his own flock, or prove a vicer he had nourished in his become him might not contaminate his own flock, or prove a viper he had nourished in his bosom. He made no allusion whatever to Beatrice. Perhaps he thought as she was not to be a mem-ber of his home he need not remember her in his prayers. When they had resumed their seats Miss Lestrange turned to the preacher, and with an affort asked him:

and with an effort, asked him:
"When would you like Mariel to come to

"There is no time like the present," he re-imed, coldly. "Heaven forbid that I should wink from the burden imposed on me. I will "There is no time like the present," he resumed, coldly, "Heaven forbid that I should shrink from the burden imposed on me. I will tell your aunt to expect Mary—I can't call her by that Babylonian hame—to-morrow."

"To-morrow. So soon," gasped Muriel.

"It is better so," murmured her sister. Then to Nehemiah: "You will take care of her until I can claim her, will you not?"

"I'll see to her soul, as to your claiming her.

"I'll see to her soul; as to your claiming her, I expect you will have your hands full to keep yourself. What are you going to do?"

ourself. What are you going to do?"

"I am going on the stage."

She knew the words would displease him, but she had no idea of the depths of rage they would stir up. His face looked livid.

"The blight of the father has then descended on the child. You too are on the road to perdition. Never may I look on your face again. My blight go with you and be on all the foes of Bethel."

Muriel fell on her knees before him.
"Don't anathematise her," she implored.
Spare her for my sake."

"For your sake, poor earthworm," said the pastor, more mildly. "All I pray is that she may repent her sins. Never shall you look on her face again. In our pious family we will strive to conquer the sins rooted in your heart. I will not leave you another hour with this child

of Babylon. You shall come with me at once."
"I won't go with you," returned Muriel, stoutly. "Beatrice is my sister, and I love

"Hush!" said Beatrice, firmly; "my darling, you must obey our mother's wish. I am power-less to take care of you. Your uncle offers you a home. You must go with him, only, Muriel, don't let them make you hate me quite, my darling, keep me in your heart."

Muriel flung herself sobbing into her sister's

arms. For five minutes Beatrice held her in a

close embrace, then she released her.
"Heaven bless my little sister," Mr. Stubbs sniffed, as though he thought she had no right to mention heaven at all, then he led the weep-ing Muriel away, and when the landlady came in an hour later with the tea things, she found Miss Lestrange stretched on the ground in a dead faint.

## CHAPTER III.

#### MURIEL.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns, And sweet as English air could make her.

I surross no life was ever more completely altered than that of Muriel Lestrange when she became an inmate of Mr. Stubbs' pious household, who wended their godly way at Eden Cottage, Dust Street, Clapham.

Poor though Muriel had always been whilst her mother lived, she was not unhappy. Gifted with a bright sunshiny spirit and a loving heart, Muriel had thriven on affection, the one blessing Muriel had thriven on affection, the one blessing small means cannot destroy; she had been the sunbeam of the dull Islington lodging, and the dearest treasure of her mother and sister. Transported to the straight, prim white house at Clapham, regarded as a burden by the minister and his elder children, and as an impenitent sinner by the congregation of Bethel generally, Muriel found life hard work. The only person who really felt any love for her was her Aunt Martha, and Mrs. Stubbs, besides being harassed with children and parochial cares, had very little power in her husband's house. husband's house.

husband's house.

Muriel lost even her very name. They called her Mary and dressed her in long skimpy dresses and broad-trimmed hats. They set her to long tasks of needlework, and to teach the younger Stubbs, mischievous urchins very, despite their father's sanctity, but they could not quench the fire of her bright blue eyes, nor brush the waves of her golden hair into dull straightness. Muriel—like the rose which by any other name retains its sweetness—was Muriel still.

The lowing haut the gray spirit seemed up.

The loving heart, the gay spirit, seemed un-changed by the dreariness of her surroundings.

The tail thin girl blossomed into a slender grace-ful maiden, and when Mrs. Bertram made one of her biennial calls on Mrs. Stubbs, whom she had known and liked in earlier days, she thought Muriel Lestrange simply the most attractive girl her eyes had ever fullen on. Then and there she invited her on a long visit, and then and there she was allowed to go, though not without many storm pastoral warnings from Nehemiah and stern pastoral warnings from Nehemiah and gentler cautions from her aunt.

Through all the weary months she had spent at Clapham Muriel had heard no tidings of her sister. She had pined for Beatrice as for her second self; she had steadily resisted every attempt of her uncle to slander the absent one. She still believed in Beatrice as her ideal of all that was good and beautiful, only the continued silence, the long separation, the cruel uncertainty had borne their fruit: Muriel thought of Beatrice almost as much as she did of her mother, as someone a great way off whom no prayer of hers could recall, no effort of hers see. Once in the early weeks of her stay at Clapham she had set bravely out, walked to the Elephant and Castle, and then expended her last pence in an omnibus to Islington.

She found out Mint Street easily enough, but there were fresh faces in the parlours at No. 27, and the landlady, in reply to all her entreaties, could only say her sister went away a day or two after herself.

Poor Muriel! She was footsore when she returned to the house at Clapham, which, though returned to the house at Clapham, which, though called Eden, was, alas! no paradise for her. Mr. Stubbs scolded her, Aunt Martha reproached her. She was held up to public censure in the family prayers, and yet she did not regret her rash expedition. She only mourned its failure. She would have walked twice as far gladly if only she could have seen Beatrics. When Mrs. Bertram took her away from the dreary house at Clapham, provided her with a lavish hand with all a young lady of seventeen could want or at Clapham, provided her with a lavish hand with all a young lady of seventeen could want or require, and then took her down to the Knoll, where life seemed one dream of happiness. Muriel did not forget her sister, only Beatrice appeared yet farther apart from her. She never mentioned her sister; the girl had learnt the lesson of silence too well. The bitter taunts, the cruel sneers that had been launched at Beatrice, had taught Muriel to avoid her name.

Never would her loving heart believe Beatrice wrong, only it seemed the rule to condemn her, and Muriel felt had once Mrs. Bertram spoken against her she would have loved her less, therefore she was silent.

In the ease and luxury of the Knoll Muriel flourished like a flower in the sunshine, creeping into Mrs. Bertram's heart, till the stately matron loved her only less than her son; long before the month was over the old lady had resolved her favourite should never leave her, and she wrote to Mrs. Stubbs formally offering to adopt Muriel.

Nehemiah himself replied: he refused to surrender his niece so entirely as Mrs. Bertram desired, but had no objection to her remaining some months at the Knoll, although her services were much missed in his pious household. It was a cunning letter for so holy a man. As he had always called Muriel a burden whilst under his leaf the sales of this allesion to be received. roof this allusion to her services seemed strange. sof this allusion to her services seemed strange. But Mrs. Bertram perfectly understood his meaning. She sent a cheque for twenty pounds to Eden Cottage, as some little compensation for the said services, and then she heard nothing more about Muriel's return to Clapham.

The spring and early summer passed happily at the Knoll, and Muriel seemed almost a part and parcel of the fine old place when, as we have already told, its master came home, and the first exprine of his return made acquaintance

the first evening of his return made acquaintance with his mother's guest.

Mrs. Bertram watched them narrowly as they sat together that first night of Frank's return-Muriel's dainty fingers busy with the coffee, Frank talking more lightly than she often heard him. Would her dream be realised? Should she ever see her pretty favourite mistress of the Knoll, and Frank Bertram's wife?

"I had great difficulty to convince Miss

Lestrange I was not an impostor, mother," said

Frank, brightly. "She knew you had a son, but was very positive he was in Greece."

"We have often talked of you," said the mother, smiling. "I wonder Muriel did not recognise you from your picture."

The picture looks quite young," suickly, in excuse, "and somehow I fancied Mr. Bertram would be young, too." Frank laughed and Muriel blushed.

"I haven't said anything very rude, please, have I? I am always making some blunder. Uncle Nehemiah used to tell me to count ten always before I spoke."

always before I spoke."
"Don't do anything of the kind, Miss
Lestrange," replied Frank, kindly; "your remark was quite natural. Of course I look much
older than my picture; it was taken more than

ten years ago."

"Muriel has been staying with me ever since
the spring," put in Mrs. Bertram. "I have

enjoyed the visit very much."
"It has been just like a fairy tale," returned Miss Lestrange. "I used to wonder how you could stay away from the Knoll, Mr. Bertram, when it is so beautiful.

"Yes, very beautiful," said Frank, but he was thinking more of her face than of his own "And have you not been dull ancestral home. shut up here."

" I am never dull," responds Muriel, blithely, "and if I managed to live through the Sundays at Clapham without being so, nothing else could

"Miss Lestrange says, mother, she hates prayers and needlework. She has not yet favoured me by telling me what she does not

"I don't think Muriel's hates are many."

"Oh, yes," returned Miss Lestrange, "there are lots more things I can't bear. I used to hate

the old women who shouted 'Glory hallelujah' in the middle of uncle's sermons, and I'm sure I detested Jeremiah Bigs."

"Poor Jeremiah," said Frank, in a tone of

pity. ... Who was Jeremiah Bigs, Muriel? you never

"He was a young man, Mrs. Bertram," replied Muriel demurely, "the only young man I ever

"Where can you have lived?" exclaimed

Frank. "The species are plentiful enough."
"Well, I never knew any excepting Jeremiah, and I never want to know any like him; he used to come to tea every Sunday

"Is that why you dislike him?"

"Don't laugh at me," indignantly. "He was so ugly. He looked quite limp, you know, as though he had been crushed and wanted ironing; besides he wore spectacles. I hate a man to wear spectacles." ar spectacles

"I'm glad I shan't offend you," smiled Frank. "My eyesight is very good at present; but you have not told me why you hated Jeremiah."
"I can't tell you any more—I did hate him.

Mrs. Bertram, please, won't you have some more

coffee i

But Mrs. Bertram declined. footman carried out the delicate China. The mistress of the Knoll bethought herself of her knitting, which she had left in the drawingroom, and Muriel was left alone with Frank. He fell into a reverie. This coming home was so different to his usual ones. When he looked up he saw Muriel's blue eyes fixed on his

"Do you think I want ironing, like poor Jere-

miah?" asked Frank, gravely.
"No," replied the girl, thoughtfully. "I was wondering how I should feel when I got old; not old like Mrs. Bertram, you know, but middle-aged like you

Frank started. Had it come to that? Did this bright-faced child really look on him as " middle-aged ?"

"You must think me a perfect Methusalah to talk like that," he said, nastily. "Do you know how old I am?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Bertram told me you are thirty-five."

"And does that seem so very old to you?"

"Yes," she said, gravely, "very old. Why, I shall not be thirty-five for eighteen years. Oh, how I wonder what I shall be like then." I wonder too."

"I hope—oh, I hope my nese won't get red," said Muriel, auxiously. "Aunt Martha's is very red, and she is only forty."

"Why don't you wonder what will happen to you in the long years before you are thirty-

"I do," with shy dignity, "I do very often; but I have some idea, for I had my fortune told me by a real gipsy only last week."

"And what did the gipsy promise you? A handsome husband and a large fortune?"

"No, I don't ever mean to be married," said Muriel, solemnly. "Married people are always so disagreeable."

so disagreeable. Your experience has not been fortunate."

"Besides, I should hate keeping house. I ever ordered a dinner in my life. Oh, no, the never ordered a dinner in my life. gipsy never said anything about a husband. She promised me something much better than that

"What was that?"

"She said I should have what I most wished or. There, do you not think that a good fortune?"

"Very, if you know what you do most wish for. I'm afraid the question would puzzle me.

I don't want anything very much."

I don't want anything very much."

"Mother," he said, later on, when Muriel was in bed, and he lingered talking with Mrs. Bertram. "Mother, I like your little friend very much. What a child she is, and she has glorious

Mrs. Bertram answered nothing, but her hopes rose high.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE PATENT PARLOUR REGISTER.

MR. PERRIWINKLE had made up his mind to marry, and the object of his choice was a Miss Fenella Jones.

One afternoon, attired in a new suit of the latest style, he ascended the steps of her mother's residence, and ringing the bell, asked the girl who answered it whether Mrs. Jones was at home.

She had been The girl was new and stupid. told that a "piano-man" would call, who was to be shown into the parlour and left there, without troubling her mistress. Supposing Mr. Perriwinkle to be the expected caller, she shut him in the parlour, and went about her work.

Having looked at himself in the mirror, Mr. Perriwinkle sat down by the register and began to warm his feet.

All people who desire to talk secrets in the basement should remember that a patent parlour register acts as a telephone.

Miss Jones and her mamma were seated at this moment at a late lunch in the room below, and were discussing Perriwinkle. They took him all to pieces, so to speak. He heard every word, and his hair rose on end.

"The old lady is mercenary," said Perri-

Well," continued Mrs. Jones, "he will prowell, continued are, somes, "he will propose—there's no doubt of that. And now I want one thing quite understood. I shall break up housekeeping and live with you."

"Of course," said Fenella.

"Of course," said Fenella.

"There never was a man that I could not manage to keep under my thumb," said Mrs. Jones. "I'll manage him for you. The way is to begin at first. As you begin so you must go on. He's not very young and has come to the obstinate period of life. He'll want to put his slippers on and stay at home. You like society. Now, on the first evidence of this sort of intention I shall interfere. I shall tell him how I expect my daughter to me treated. I shall be on hand in all emergencies, and I mean to have your Aunt Cornelia there a great deal—a very great deal indeed."

"Oh," said Mr. Perriwinkle.

"And I mean to have Cousin Tom," said Fenella. "I wish things were not so contrary in this world. If only Cousin Tom had had Mr. World make! Heigh-ho!"

"Ah-h!" groaned Mr. Perriwinkle.

"But we can have nice flirtations all the same," said Fenella. "No husband can object to one's cousin, of course, and mother. How can I make him settle his property on me? One can't say right out what one means; but things ought to be arranged with care; of course, I expect to be left a widow some day, and then I want to be comfortable."

"Of course you do," said Mrs. Jones. "I will see to that, my dear. I'll talk to Mr. Perri-winkle; and remember, you're getting on. You haven't an eligible offer, and don't cast away your hopes in life on Tom."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Perriwinkle, like

a stage demon.

At this moment the bell rang. The piano-tuner arrived. Biddy discovered her mistake, and announced Mr. Perriwinkle to the ladies. Miss Fenella rushed upstairs to dress, and her mother entered the parlour to entertain Mr. Perriwinkle.

" How do you do, Mr. Perriwinkle!" she said, winningly. "Dear Fenella is coming in a moment. She is writing a poem to set to music —just finished it. She read it to me, and it made me weep. Dear girl, she is so lovely. So serious, too, for her age—twenty-two. I hope she will not be torn from me too early, for she is my comfort; but she has so many and such eligible offers! Not that that would matter she often says that love outweighs all. She cares nothing for wealth. Somehow I fancy that just now she is interested in someone. I hope it is a person of mature years and experience. detest boy husbands."

Then Mrs. Jones looked warily at Mr. Perri-winkle, but he only answered, "Very much so

To-day Miss Fenella, yet unmarried, often wonders why Mr. Perriwinkle did not propose. Mrs. Jones lays the change in his manner to the secret work of enemies, particularly of one Mrs. Brown. And the secret lies buried between Mr. Perriwinkle and the patent parlour register.

#### LIFE'S DUTIES.

WHEN children are given to a married pair, their duty towards them should supersede every other consideration. Parents take upon them-selves too many burdens. The father has his trade or profession, and his few leisure hours he must spend in social pleasure. The mother has her household cares, and the comforts of her family to study, and beside this there is as much time to be devoted to fancy work, visitors, and to amusements of one kind and another.

Her children are merely secondary considerations, and depend upon the kindness of hirelings. their dresses may be miracles of puffing, ruffles and embroidery, but what does that count when their minds are dwarfed through neglect? In all respects her house may be a model, but if she neglects her duty to her child, what does that count?

### A LADY OF TASTE.

THE woman who dresses in accordance with the canons of good taste pure and simple, relies on her own judgment in selecting articles for She cares not how original a her own wear. pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be brought from Paris, or, at least, made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought by herself in town, and made up by her own maid.

Not that her costume is either rich or new;

on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy con-fusion of colours, nor does she affect a studied rusion of colours, nor does an affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She will not wear gilt buttons, or jet beadings, or anything "loud;" for she feels that her dress belongs to her modest self, and not to challenge attention.

She always pleases, and her secret of success simply consists in her knowledge of her own station and her own looks. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well-informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete

#### A LITTLE THING.

In business, there are no "little things"everything is of importance. Anything, how-ever small, should be well done. A young carpenter "slighted" a task which fell to his quarter of an inch out of the way. It would make no difference, he thought. But it did make a difference. It made just the difference between the young carpenter having a steady summer job at good wages, and having his time unoccupied upon his hands.

The employer found no fault; but when the gate was finished, he paid the maker, without another word, and dismissed him. The next day there was another man in his place. He hap-pened to be a man who thought it did make a difference how everything was done; he always did his best; and kept his situation till the end of the season. So it happens. Frequently some little thing which was not expected to attract attention is noticed by some one to whom the excellence of the work has commended itself, and the man who has made painstaking the rule of all his labour is surprised by a sudden and unlooked-for accession of good fortune. Some "un-considered trifle" bring him into notice, because every trifle is well attended to.

### MRS. DOBBS' LETTERS.

ONE day Mrs. Dobbs wrote the following letter to her dear friend, Mrs. Jones:

"Darling: Can't you come over on Tuesday and spend a couple of days with me? I am very, very anxious to see you. Bring your dear baby with you. How I long to kiss the sweet little cherub.—Yours, ever, "Louisa."

She gave the letter to Mr. Dobbs to post, and he put it in his coat pocket. On his way to the City he met a man, and they got into such an exciting discussion over the bank failures that Dobbs forgot all about the letter, and let it lie in his pocket. Mrs. Dobbs waited. She waited for an answer, but none came. She waited till Tuesday arrived and passed without Mrs. Jones turning up with the baby or sending her a

reply.

Mrs. Dobbs was indignant. She sat down and wrote another letter as follows:

"Mes. Jones: I am very anxious to know why you didn't reply to my letter the other day. It was more than unkind. If you do not care to continue our acquaintance further, of course I don't.—Yours, etc., "Louisa Dobes."

Mrs. Dobbs handed this letter to Mr. Dobbs just as he was leaving the house in the morning, and asked him to drop it in the Post Office as he went past. He said he would, and he put it carefully in his coat pocket.

At the corner of the street he met a friend, and an animated discussion ensued respecting the prevalent distress. Mr. Dobbs was so interested that he went to his friend's office, and stayed there an hour. By that time the letter was forgotten, and all the conditions prepared for a war to the knife on the part of Mrs. Dobbs against Mrs Jones.

A week rolled by, and Mrs. Dobbs heard nothing from Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Dobbs gradually grew madder and madder. Her rage ran up to ne hundred and ten degrees in the shade. Now, she knew Mrs. Jones intended to cut her and Finally, one day, she boiled clean over in the following letter, addressed to Mrs. Jones:

"MADAME! Your outrageous and impudent conduct toward me merits such scorn and contempt as I feel, but cannot express. Henceforth we are enemies! I hate you! Yes, hate; and I regret that I ever asked such a viper to my house. Don't you ever dare to set your foot in my doors, you or any of your brats! Do you understand me?—With contempt,
"Louisa Dobbs."

There was a fatality about it; but when Dobbs took this letter with him he carried it in his hand; he met nobody who talked of strikes or the war, but he went straight to the post-office and dropped it in.

The next day Mr. Jones came to town and went to Dobbs' office, and presenting the letter to him, asked:

Dobbs, what in the name of common sense does this mean? Is your wife insane?"

Dobbs read it over slowly, and for a while he

was bewildered.

was bewindered.
Suddenly a light dawned on him.
"Thun—der!" he exclaimed. "Why, my goodness, Jones, I had two other letters for your wife, that Louisa gave me, and I forgot to post them. She is mad because they were not post them. answered."

"Where are they?" asked Jones, calmly.
"Why, here," said Dobbs, feeling in his
ocket. "No! Let me see. Why, I declare, they are in the pocket of my other coat, at home. This is awful! Suppose we go right up and explain, and try to pacify Louisa?"

They went. When Dobbs opened the front door he saw a trunk in the hall. Mrs. Dobbs was sitting on the stairs, with her bonnet on, crying. She had a bandbox, four bundles and an umbrella with

Louisa, what on earth is the matter?" exclaimed Dobbs.

"I'm going to leave you! I'm going back to father's to live.

"Wh-wh-what does all this mean?" shrieked Dobbs.

"It means that I have found my letters to rs. Jones in your coat pocket! You never "It means that I mave rocket! You never posted them. I believe you did it on purpose, to you, monster, for ever!"

Then Dobbs called Jones in, and Mrs. Dobbs was gradually soothed. When Dobbs promised her a new brooch, and a patent preserving pan, she even smiled. But when she has letters to post now, she takes them to the office her-self.

THE Prince of Wales and the Duke of Argyll are under promise to visit Canada during the viceregal term of the Marquis of Lorne.

A NATURALIST claims to have discovered that crows, when in flocks, have regularly organised courts, in which they sit around and try offenders-a sort of crow-bar.

Nor long ago a great landowner gave an entertainment to his tenantry. The purveying was entrusted to the principal confectioner of the neighbouring city. At the conclusion Mr. X. expressed a hope that everything had been arranged to his lordship's satisfaction. "Well, Mr. X., it seemed to me that there was a deficiency in the way of sweets—hardly enough tarts and cheescakes." "You know, my lord, all the light things were put on the tables, and I could not foresee that the farmers would eat them with their salmon," replied the confec-

#### MECHANICAL TOYS.

In toys, the progress of the age can be distinctly traced. Old ideas have been greatly improved upon. The performing elephants and bears and dogs, the gymnasts and acrobats, the negro dancers and performing monkeys, and whistling railway engines and steamboats, are all of finer and better finish, work more perfectly and run with better machinery. The ladies who play on the piano play longer and more intricate tunes; moreover, they are better dressed, and move with more ease and grace as they finger the ivory keys and nod in time to the music. A costly Parisian toy, of the mechanical order, has attracted considerable attention.

It is called "The Serenade," and represents a

moonlight scene—time, near midnight. A lover appears, rising like a second Romeo over a garden wall, on which he sits serenading the lady of his love with a guitar. swells out in the stillness of night the neighbours are awakened. The young lady appears, another young and throws a kiss to her cavalier; lady also appears at another window, and evidently thinks that the serenade is intended for On the right an old woman opens her window to enjoy the music also, and beats time with her hand.

Presently the scene changes, and an old man opens an attic window and looks angrily about; every other head is withdrawn, the ardent Romeo disappears, the silken lattice drops, and even the cats cease to move their heads, and sit quite still on the roof of an adjoining house until the music begins again, when the entire scene is repeated.

#### FRINGED WITH FIRE.

By the Author of " Bound to the Trawl," " The

Golden Bowl," " Poor Loo," etc.

### CHAPTER XI.

LADY CRAYSFORTH IS DISPLEASED.

Tender handed stroke a nettle And it stings you for your paids.

THREE days later, and Mrs. Henen and Judith, despite the heavy rain which had been falling without intermission since daybreak, arrived at Wardour Hall, bringing with them two large trunks, the rest of their luggage

having been left behind at Jasmine Cottage
"I shall ride in and see you very often," Judith's parting remark to her cousin, as she got into the fly that was to take her towards one important stage on her journey through life.

Viewed as a residence now she was well inside its walls, Wardour Hall was not quite so charm-ing as Judith had previously thought it. The gloom of the day and the heavy rain might have had something to do with this, for the stately elms seemed to have lost much of their dignity, and to-day looked miserable and draggled, and our visitors now saw nothing but their defects, just as on their previous visit they had observed only their perfections, in approaching the mansion, and though the entrance singular, warlike, and impressive as before, the rooms in the house, with two or three exceptions, were decidedly shabby-looking, the furniture and hangings being worn and old, and this was more particularly the case with the bedrooms.

At first these unwelcome guests thought the shabby apartment they were put into was some slight intended for themselves; but later obser-vation dissipated this idea, and Judith, who had a faculty for asking questions in the most innocent and child-like manner-questions which other people would have hesitated to putmanaged to ascertain that the Hall was to have been completely refurnished in anticipation of Arthur's marriage with Miss Landsdale, in one or two rooms the process had actually

been commenced; but when it began to appear doubtful that the marriage in question would ever take place the re-habilitation of the mansion was suspended, hence the complete contrast which some of the rooms presented to the others.

"I need scarcely tell you to look as well as you can this evening," observed Mrs. Henen, as she and her daughter were dressing for dinner. "No, mamms, you need not," was the careless

"There isn't much of me, but I shall make what there is as pleasant to look upon as possible."

"I suppose they are here," said the other, in

a dubious tone, some time later.
"Who? The Craysforths? I presume so. saw a man in one of the greenhouses when I went out to cut these roses. He didn't see me, but he was a gentleman, and a stranger to me. But didn't you think Mrs. Wardour was rather constrained and cold in her manner when she received us?"

" No, and if she were it would not suit me to

take any notice of it.

"Very well; but that reminds me. been going to ask you several times. How is it that Mrs. Wardour's brother is an earl, and she has no title? She has a right to one, hasn't

Yes, but the present earl did not succeed to the title until after Mrs. Wardour was married, and she declined to avail herself of the royal permission to assume the title, which she would have had a right to bear if she had been an earl's daughter. She is a peculiar woman, and has strange notions about many things. all, perhaps she was right; it is only those who are high up who can suffer much from a fall."

"As John Bunyan says," began Judith-

He that is down needs fear no fall; He that is how no pride; He that is humble:

"Really, Judith!" here interrup

interrupted her mother, with great impatience; "you'll be quoting Dr. Watts to me next; do get on with our dressing. The first bell rang more than ten minutes ago.

"Not more than five minutes, mamma, and that was a gong. But I am ready; shall I do? I wish I had Florence's big glass to look at myself in.

"Yes."

The word came slowly and critically, for Mrs. Honen was not quite sure whether the soft, cream-coloured silk that clung so closely to her daughter's small but well rounded figure, and that was only relieved at the V-shaped bodice by a damask rose, was really the most suitable dress in her wardrobe that she could wear. Miss Henen had no doubt whatever upon the point, and she said coolly:

"I'm glad you like it, mamma, for I shouldn't change. I'm one of the few people whom these Cora silks suit. There, I think that completes and she surveyed the yellow and damask roses which with maiden-hair fern she had

fastened in her hair.

gold bracelet of Indian workmanship which Florence had given her, and a gold neck-lace, were all the ornaments she wore when she went downstairs armed for conquest

In the drawing-room, besides their hostess, Judith and her mother found a small woman of some five-and-forty years of age, whose brown hair seemed to have been untouched by time, whose clear, resolute grey eyes looked as though they would meet the world, and all that the world could bring against them, unfinchingly, but whose face, for all that, showed marks of pain and suffering, which the iron will had been powerless to avert, though it had been strong enough to conquer.

This was Lady Craysforth, a woman who not having been born to the purple, wore it sometimes ungracefully, and as though the robe did not fit her, and who now, on Mrs. Henen and her daughter being introduced to her, bowed with great coldness and hauteur, making no movement whatever to rise from her seat.

"Mrs. Henen and I were friends before we were married," volunteered Mrs. Wardour, try-

ing to cover her sister-in-law's coolness, and

infuse a little more courtesy into her manner.
"Very interesting indeed," was the rudely contemptuous reply, as the countess put up her eye-glass and surveyed Mrs. Henen as if she were an anatomical specimen, a proceeding which made Miss Judith look at her ladyship in surprise, and mentally say to herself:
"If my mother doesn't make you pay for that,
my lady, I'll never believe in anything she says
again."

There was silence for a minute. Mrs. Wardour was taken aback and mortified, for both these women were her guests, and the way in which the countess had wantonly invited a conflict which the other was so well able and willing to engage in, made the mistress of Wardour Hall, for the moment, speechless with apprehension, and at a loss for some means of keeping the combatants asunder.
As for Mrs. Henen herself, a half smile curved

her thin red lips, her eyes flashed and glittered, a slight colour came upon her cheeks, the moment she looked positively handsome, but she did not speak, for at that instant the drawing-room door opened, and a tall man who in his youth must have been very handsome, entered.

For one second Mrs. Henen looked at him. He had changed wonderfully since that minia-ture which she had always worn had been painted, but she would have known him anywhere, and despite the lapse of time, her heart swelled as though it would burst.

The next minute she had stepped forward with her hand extended, and said with her most

fascinating smile: "Eric Chester, have you forgotten Kate " Eric Edgecombe P"

The earl took the hand she offered him, while flush of emotion suffused his face, and he looked at her doubtfully as he said dreamily:
"Kate! Are you Kate?" then with a sigh.

" How we have both changed !"

"Yes; but our portraits remain," with a laugh which had an unpleasant ring in it; "my daughter is more like I used to be than I am now

"Your very image." And the earl bowed to

the girl as he said:
"Your mother and I were once very dear friends, and your likeness to what she was she was your age is so great that I should have been startled had I met you as a stranger. But I am pleased to meet you again," he went on, turning to the elder woman, "particularly, he added, in a lower tone, "if we meet a

"How else should we meet?" she asked, in the same low voice, so that the others should not hear. "You bear me no enmity, I suppose ?"

"No : I had no cause."

A proud bend of the head from the woman seemed to signify that she for her part had buried the war hatchet, and nothing but peace could now exist between them.

The entrance of Mr. Wardour and Lord Rook-

ford gave Judith someone to talk to, and quite confirmed that young woman's determination to avoid the countess; snub her if possible, and pay no more attention to her than the barest politeness required.

That lady had frowned when Mrs. Henen had greeted the earl and detained him in conversation at the further end of the room, but when her son and Mr. Wardour at once joined Judith and talked to her, and her son had evidently met the girl before, her ladyship turned to her sister-in-law and asked, superciliously:

"Who are those people?"

"I told you; Mrs. Henen and I were school-girls together."

girls together." Ah! She "Ah! She looks old enough; but they are nobodies, I suppose. I have never met them in

"As you have been abroad so many years, and have not seen much of society yourself, it would be highly improbable that you should have met them," was the culting rejoinder; "but if I were not satisfied about them they would not be my guests."

Lady Craysforth gave her head a toss of disdain. The time h ad been when Mrs. Wardour had refused to receive her under her roof, and it had only been at the entreaty of the man who was the only brother of the one woman and the husband of the other that the older woman had condescended to recognise the younger as a member of her family.

This was before Mr. Chester became Earl of

Craysforth, but after that the new countess gave herself very grand airs, and tried hard to patronise the woman who had so tardily consented to receive her as her brother's wife; but it was no easy matter to patronise Mrs. War-dour, and when Lady Craysforth found she could not place the relationship between them upon the footing she desired, she pretended to take offence because her husband's sister declined to allow herself to be addressed as Lady Alicia Wardour, saying that she was quite satisfied with her name as it stood.

Thus a coolness had sprung up between them. Lord Craysforth had taken his wife abroad, and Lord Craysforth had taken his wife abroad, and they had resided in Italy for some years, and now they had come back to live at Rookford Towers. They were staying for the present at Wardour Hall till their own house was ready, and her ladyship had begun at once to show that absence and the lapse of time had not improved her disposition or her temper.

At the same time that the announcement was made that dinner was served, a young man leisurely walked into the room, attired like the

other gentlemen, in evening dress.

"Oh, there is Champneys," Judith heard Lord Rockford say. "I didn't know he was in this

part of the world."

"He called this afternoon," replied Mr. Wardour; "he's building some church between this and Worcester. Your aunt invited him to take up his quarters here while he was in the neigh-bourhood. I think he went to his hotel to order bourhood. Ithink he went to his note: to order up his luggage; that makes him late. You've met him in London, Jack?"

"Yes; I've met him once or twice; usually with Arthur; but aunt is making signals to

you." And while Lord Rookford offered Judith his arm, the earl gave his to her mother, and the squire led the way to the dining room with the countess, Mrs. Wardour with the newcomer bringing up the rear.

A very comfortable party of eight sat down to table. Judith, who had the countess facing her, divided her attentions pretty equally between her dinner and the entertainment and amuse-ment of her companion, and had Lord Rookford's heart been free, I think she would have stood a very good chance of winning it without any as-sistance from her mother, but it had been taken captive already, and though the young man liked Judith and found her very bright and amusing, no thought of love or matrimony in connection with her ever crossed his mind. Despite her double occupation, the girl found time to take stock of the newcomer. He was a He was a handsome man; disagreeably so, indeed. features were strongly marked; he had a prominent Roman nose; a massive chin; a mouth of which the bad lines were only partially concealed by a heavy moustache, and a broad fore-head, which seemed to overhang the rest of his face; his eyebrows quite met over his large, beak-like nose, and his eyes, which were too deeply sunken for the colour to be distinguishwere too close together to make it probable that their owner was remarkable for frankness of character

Yet he was handsome, even though he looked as though he could sometimes be cruel, and his thick, waving, dark curly hair fell loosely about his head, while he had a habit of tossing it back -a habit which sometimes looked like an action of defiance.

"No, I don't like him," said Judith, to herself rather than to her companion, as she re-

Trust not the man whose eyebrows meet, For in his heart you'll find deceit.

"What is that you are saying, Miss Henen?" asked Lord Rookford.

"Nothing, nothing," she returned, hastily, with a blush, fearing she had been thinking aloud.

'Indeed! I thought I heard something about

eyebrows meeting."
"Hush, for goodness' sake. I'll tell you another time

"You will tell me?"
"Yes."

"When ?"

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"Whenever you like if you will be quiet

"Then we'll have a ride before breakfast tomorrow morning. Are you good at getting up early? Can you be ready at seven?"
"Yes; or before."

"Then we'll say seven o'clock. You shall tell me then. But will it interfere with the com-

munication if uncle joins us?"
"Not in the least. I should like his company; but you mustn't ask me to tell you be-

fore him; he might think it disagreeable of me to make comments about his guests."

"Oh, he must have been too much used to that kind of thing to care about it. But we will have a good ride if the rain has ceased, and one day we'll ride over to Rookford and make them give us breakfast there."

"That will be delightful."
But the signal had been given, and the ladies

retired to the drawing-room.

If the Countess of Craysforth had been in a bad temper before dinner, she was in a hundred times worse temper now.

Long years of unrestrained selfishness had made her consider herself and her entertain-ment the first duty in life for all who came in contact with her, and she had not been long enough in England, nor had she seen enough of the society in which her husband's rank entitled her to move, to enable her to find her true level, and to realise that youth, amiability, and beauty must needs attract attention, while those who lack those attributes must often find themselves neglected.

To-night this had been the case. Mr. Wardour gave her the seat of honour on one hand, but Judith sat on the other side of him, and he found it much more amusing to listen to the conversation of the latter, even though most

of it was addressed to his nephew, than to talk to his sister-in-law, whom he did not like. The earl and Mrs. Henen met as old friends do after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, and talked to each other of old times, while the hostess and Mr. Champneys had also much to say, for they were in point of fact talking about Arthur Wardour, whom that gentleman had seen in London but a few days before. Thus the countess had, as she felt, good cause for con-

sidering herself neglected.

But this was not all. She had watched her son and Judith closely and suspiciously, and she was sure—as sure as she was of her own exist-ence—that the girl meant to marry Rookford. "That is what she is here for," thought the

reat is what she is here for," thought the scheming woman, while her thin lips closed and her brows contracted; "but it shall not be; I will see him marry a beggar first."

The countess little thought that the woman he did want to marry would rank in her esteem as something agent layer than a began to the statem.

as something even lower than a beggar.
"What are you flirting with that girl for?"
she asked her son, angrily, when he came near

her in the course of the evening.
"Flirting! my dear mother, such an idea
never entered my head. She is a jolly little girl, but she likes uncle as well as she does me; rather better, I think, so you need not be anxious upon her account, or mine either."

Her ladyship gave her head an impatient toss, then glanced across to the other side of the room, where the earland Mrs. Henen were again

noom, where the earland Mrs. Henen were again in close conversation.

"A pretty pass I have come to, to be neglected for such an old fright as that!" she muttered impatiently. "I almost wonder he did not marry the creature since he knew her so long ago, and seems to look back to the acquaintance with so much pleasure."

That was what the earl himself was wondering at the very same time, for Mrs. Henen was

displaying all the undulating softness and grace of the tigress before she shows her claws. But for all her softness, she was only bent upon lulling her intended victim into a false sense of security, so that when she did make her fatal spring, there should be no risk of her prey escaping

Judith Henen was a young woman who never lost or missed anything for want of punctuality, and thus at five minutes to seven o'clock the next morning, while most of the inmates of Wardour Hall, except the servants, were asleep, she, ready dressed in her riding habit, hat and gloves, was down in the hall selecting a riding-whip and looking like a miniature Amazon.

"Ifeel most unromantically hungry," she said, with an expression of childish confidence to Lord Rookford, who was by her side; " have you any idea where the kitchen is or where we can get a cup of milk and a piece of bread? I haven't even had my early cup of tea this morning."

"Oh yes; it's a good idea, I never thought of it. I daresay Aunt will be terribly scandalised at our invading the domain of her cook. I remember when Arthur and I were boys we were forbidden to go near the kitchen, but I know the way. Ah! here is uncle; now we will make him go with us."

After the morning greeting, the condition of affairs was explained to the squire, who led the way into the cook's sacred territory, and a few seconds later Miss Judith was drinking new milk and eating great slices of bread with the appetite of a dairymaid, while Lord Rockford and

appetite of a dirrymain, while Lord Mountain and his uncle kept her in countenance with bumpers of "jolly good ale and old."
"Now I am equal to anything, said Judith, brightly. "I could do a good day's hunting after that. Yes, I'm quite ready," in reply to the squire, and with a nod and good morning to the cook the young lady went out and was soon in the saddle, while the brown mare—who had not done much work for some time and was not accustomed to so light a burden-reared and pranced and showed herself to be in anything

but a good temper this morning.

But Judith was not to be beaten, it would takea much more unmangeable mare than Brown Bess to endanger the seat of that young lady, and very soon she was cantering down the avenue, laughing and chatting, and looking, in her dark blue habit and low-crowned hat with the crimson wing in it, like a bird of the

Mr. Cyril Champneys, looking out of his window this fine bright morning, saw the riding party and thought for one envious moment that he might have been invited to join them; a second later and he laughed bitterly as he said to himself:

"They are rich and I am poor; I must work while they may play; I wonder if a change in my fortunes will ever come-if all my aspirations and struggles will be in vain! And Arthur; what an idiot he is, to give up so much for a woman's love! I can't understand it myself. I'd marry the ugliest jade in Christendom if she could only give me a fortune to do what I like with, while the most fascinating daughter of Eve that ever drew breath would never tempt me to endure the stings of poverty for her sake."

Then he went on with his toilette, for by this time the squire and his companions were out of sight.

"Never wait till to-morrow for what you can get to-day," was an altered version of one of the vise says that Judith had heard in her childhood, which commended itself to her mind much more than the original form, and she never lost an opportunity of putting her own version in practice.

The previous evening Lord Rookford had made a remark which had haunted Miss Henen's mind ever since: he had said that one morning

they would ride over to Rookford Towers.
"One morning," with Lady Craysforth in her present temper, might be a very indefinite date if that lady had a voice in the matter, so, after

thinking the subject over very calmly, and looking at it from various points of view, Miss Judith Henen had determined that the visit to the Towers should be made without delay.

This was one reason for her having been so ravenously hungry this morning, and for her determination that her companions should eat likewise, for a ten miles' ride with a good deal of uncertainty as to breakfast at the end of it, she knew, was not a tempting prospect for men with appetites.

Their primitive meal, however, had fortified them against the chance of famine for a time, and scarcely were they outside the park gates before she turned to Lord Rookford and asked:

"Is it very far from here to Rookford Towers?"
"About ten miles," was the reply; "rather

under than over.

"I suppose we can't go to-day?" she asked, diffidently.

"We could go, but I don't know what kind of a breakfast we should find there as we are not expected, for there are only servants and work-men in the house."

"Oh, breakfast would be nothing, they are sure to have eggs and bread and butter." Then turning to the squire she said: "Lord Rook-ford suggested that we should ride over to the Towers to breakfast one morning and I propose that we go to-day. The morning is so cool and fresh after yesterday's rain and we could get back before the heat of the day comes on." "Well," replied the squire, slowly, "I don't

object. I've nothing very much to do to-day, and the folks at home can amuse themselves.'

"It is only the disorganised condition of the sariat department that makes me hesitate. I should like to give you better entertainment than we are likely to find there to-day, Miss Henen," said his lordship.
"Oh, that is nothing," laughed the girl, showing her white teeth; "I have quite spoiled my

appetite with that bread and milk, so we'll go. I shall quite enjoy the ride."

The young man assented. He wanted to go to the Towers that day to give some orders, so the horses' heads were turned in the direction of Rookford Towers, while a flush of triumph passed over Judith's face at having so easily

succeeded in carrying her point.

Long before they reached it, the mansion they were going to visit became visible.

A large, massive, oblong structure, with two great towers over the principal entrarce and two other towers at each end. The whole building looked dark, dull and deserted; ragged ivy grew wild over its walls, and rank grass and noisome' weeds crept right up to the very door-step and

covered all the paths.

"Goodness! it looks as though nobody had lived here for centuries," exclaimed Judith as they came nearer and could take note of the signs of desolation. "No wonder people imagined it to be haunted."

"I was not aware that it possessed such a reputation," returned the young man, "till your mother told me so the other day. But as regards appearances we shall soon make a change, at least in part of the house, for my mother has taken a queer fancy into her head about not using the west wing; she even says she won't have it repaired or anything about it touched."

" But won't that make it very inconvenient?" asked the girl, slightly elevating her eyebrows. "First of all it will spoil the look of the house to have one part of it always in ruins, it would look as much out of place as a battered hat or a ragged pair of boots worn with a new suit of clothes; and then the house is hardly large enough for you to be able to let so large a part of it be uninhabitable."

Lord Rookford shrugged his shoulders and tossed back his chestnut hair as he said:

"Who can reason with or thwart a woman's whims? My mother has this fancy, my father makes no opposition to it, and I can live at this place as it is or as it will be, or I can go away from it. But here we are," and the young man pulled up at the principal entrance and dismounted, while a servant came out to hold the



[A CRITICAL INSPECTION.]

horses. Judith, daintily holding up her habit, followed him into the house, with the squire at her side.

Workmen were about, paper-hangers, painters and upholsterers were decorating and fitting up one half of the mansion, while the opposite portion was to be left in its present dilapidated condition.

What the place might become when it was finished Judith could not imagine, but that it was now exceedingly uncomfortable for a lady with a riding skirt on was quite certain, and though one small room was sufficiently advanced towards being habitable to admit of breakfast being laid in it, Judith determined that as soon as she could do so she would wander out into the neglected garden, for something in the very atmosphere of the house seemed to choke her.

As she thus sat alone, wondering why the housekeeper did not come, and how long Lord long Lord Rockford would be giving his orders to the workmen, and what the squire could want to spend so much time in the stables for, a low

cough made her look up with a start and she saw a strange, grey-looking woman at her side. "I—I didn't hear you come in," she said with a smile; "you are Mrs. Ford, the housekeeper, I presume?"

"Yes, miss."

"I hope we shall not put you out in having to get breakfast for us," she said with a smile, for Judith rarely failed in courtesy or amiability to her inferiors, "anything will do for me. I shall be very sorry if you go to any unnecessary trouble." trouble

'I should have liked to know you were coming,

miss," somewhat severely.
"That is just what we didn't know ourselves
till we started," with another smile upon the woman who stood like a stock before her; "but if it is very inconvenient to you, I dare-say we can wait for breakfast till we get back to Wardour Hall."

"You'll not do that, miss. But is my lady at the Hall?

"Yes, and his lordship too."

"And they know of your being here now?"
"They will know as soon as we get back; but
as I tell you, we didn't decide to come on till
after we had started."

woman muttered some words which Judith did not hear, but she was getting impatient; civility was one thing, but to sit here to be questioned and cross-questioned by this fossilized fragment of womankind was rather too much of a good thing, and the girl rose to her feet, saving:

"I think I'll go and look over the house."
"The workmen be about," said the woman,

"Yes, but they are not in the west wing. I daresay I shall find enough to amuse me there, for the short time I shall stay."

for the short time I shall stay."

"You'll find nothing in the west wing, miss, because you can't go into it. Nobody goes into the west wing; that's my lord's orders, and even his son will have to obey them."

"Well, I suppose the garden isn't prohibited, is it?" asked the girl, with a scornful laugh.

"This house seems to be as had as Rhabered's."

"This house seems to be as bad as Bluebeard's chamber. I have heard that it is haunted. I believe I shall see the ghost soon."

With which Miss Judith walked out into the garden, seeming to breathe more freely as she got into the open air. No sooner was she gone, however, than the woman wrung her hands, looking the very embodiment of terror and apprehension.

"That she should come here!" she moaned; "she! It's the daughter, of course, but she's the image of Kate Edgecombe as I once knew her, and she'll be as hard and vindictive as her mother could be. And she suspects something. The end is coming at last. Yes, it must

So absorbed was she in the thoughts and fears that racked her brain, that she sat down by a table, buried her face in her hands, and utterly forgot all about preparing breakfast for the unwelcome visitors

Meanwhile, Judith, somewhat ruffled in temper, and with her curiosity greatly excited,

wandered about the garden. She had not said anything to her mother respecting her intention of coming here, consequently she had not had the benefit of any hints or suggestions which that astute lady could have given her, and when she told the woman Ford that she meant to explore the west wing, she had no intention of hunting out a secret, for in very truth she scarcely be-lieved there was one, still less did she expect to find the solution there.

Now, the west wing so carefully guarded puz-zled her, and as she walked about the neglected grounds her eyes were drawn by a singular kind of fascination to a window in the gloomy wes-tern tower. Why to this one? She could not tern tower. except that something seemed to wave and flutter inside it.

Perhaps she was mistaken, but the very doubt made her pause and look at that window that one only; and then, a sensation of horror came over her; her eyes swam, and for support she grasped a tree, near which she was st sing, for suddenly a face appeared at the window she was watching. The face of a man; white like that of one who had lived in dark places for many years. His hair and beard, both of which seemed very long, were white too.

It was the face of one dead she felt convinced, even as she looked at it, and the girl became faint and sick and giddy, and she might have fainted had she not heard the voice of Lord Rookford calling her.

With an effort of will she roused herself to reply, but even as she did so she cast one more look at the window in the tower. The face

was gone! Mortal, or spirit, or the creation of her own imagination, it was gone, and that window pre-sented no sign now of differing from any of the others.

Frightened now rather than puzzled, the girl turned away from the spot, her only desire for the moment being to get away from Rookford Towers as quickly as she might.

(To be Continued.)



#### [FANNING A FLAME.]

## LADY VIOLET'S VICTIMS.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

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THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

There are some by nature proud Who, patient in all else, demand but this To love, and be beloved with gentleness.

STR. HUGH was so impressed by a vivid con-Six high was so impressed by a viva conviction of something latent and undefined in Lionel's manner as affecting his own welfare and position, he waited in silence for him to continue. He lit a cigar, and watching the ascending fumes for a few seconds, wished he had not been overruled by Lionel, but had seen and spoken to the gipsy-woman who implored him to let her see him?

That new air of authority and of wrath in the man he had been wont to govern—for Lionel invariably gave way to Sir Hugh's wishes and inclinations—warned him he was on the brink of a discovery. What was this impending revelation? Whom would it affect or destroy?

Whispered hints and inuendoes had often

reached him of his inheritance being far from secure. Anonymous letters had been placed in his hands informing him that if he'd be prepared to pay some unknown friend for valuable information, a secret affecting him should never know daylight. And now was it Lionel who came to confess to some superior social standing than his own—nay, that might reduce his own into nothing? It could not be possible this man he had befriended was plotting with his enemies against him.

Lionel was still silent, but his unusual pallor testified to his mental struggle. He was over-whelmed with that fierce hatred of forms and ceremonies, titles and wealth, which society deems essential to humanity, when peace, liberty and joy had been torn from him through nability to aspire to a proud name.

These thoughts feed revolutions, and make

men long to strike a blow at the persecutions and tyrannies of organised institutions, and now he was being told he had a right to this proud name and inheritance which he despised and would reject.

would reject.

The very depths of his soul were stirred; it seemed as if Meredith had calculated with supreme master cunning on the effect of this revelation on his mind. Let Sir Hugh enjoy the privileges of his heirship. He disclaimed it

privileges of his heitship.

with withering contempt and scorn.

"What have you to tell me, Hargrave?" he

"You gave asked, coldly, caressing his cigar. "You gave the dismissal to your mother Aphra with very

"You can see traces of the gipsy blood in me?" said Lionel, facing his brother. "You find the clive tints and rich colouring of the Romany tribe indisputably stamped on my complexion and features."

"Well, positively can't say I do," answered the other; "but perhaps you resemble your

"You will oblige me by not speaking of Aphra as my mother in future," said Lionel, lighting a cigar in his turn, "because she's no more my mother than—than she's yours." Sir Hugh put down his cigar and touched

Lionel on the shoulder.

"Any old stories set affoat to damage my interests, Hargrave?"

Lionel reflected ere replying, but he had long resolved Sir Hugh should never learn he was not the real heir to the Allerton estates. He wished to return his brother's long-continued kindness to him, no matter at what cost or sacrifice, and he, a solitary, world-wearied man had now ambition for either rank or honour. T rample them down, so that caste ceased to reign, and the universality of the happiness of the greatest number—instead of the reverse— be the message human life had to tell. If any ambition remained for him it was rather the ambition to despoil the wealthy and grapple with corruption.

Yes, he would leave England and banish himself in the mighty Australian wastes or return to Russia and thow himself heart and soul into the cause of the Nihilists—anything to strike at those "who sit in the high places" and crush the poor. He yearned for re-acquaintance with that vastness of life associated with freedom, mountains and the sea. There was little charm for Lionel in now settling down amid his ancestral acres, haunted by one persistent memory the girl caste had slain through love of him. He could understand that plunging as it were into a new world where all sought forgetfulness, and hopes and wishes were on a different scale than here.

"You may treat me at last as your equal," said Lionel, rising and leaning against the mantelpiece in an abstracted attitude; "there need be no longer any fear you are lowering yourself by my contact or society."

Sir Hugh looked uncomfortable.
"My dear Hargaya, there naves wes—there

My dear Hargrave, there never was—there never would have been any question on that

"I have to be grateful to you for many pleasant hours, Sir Hugh; for many little unobtrusive kindnesses as delicate as they were genuine," Lionel said, looking straight into the other's face, "and we will let them remain as pleasant memories, but I have resolved to leave England for ever. When I am gone, think sometimes of me as a man who had the making of better things in him-as the world counts success — than to have been a landscape gardener. One who has suffered an injury, through the sins of others, nothing on earth can

through the suns of content,
ever repair."

Sir Hugh grasped his brother's hand.

"Why? Isit possible you are going to leave
me, Lionel?"

"It is best so; I cannot bear to remain in

"It is best so; I cannot bear to remain in England. You know the simple primitive habits of life I have been accustomed to from boyhood, but were I to accept a narrow lot here, I might fall into a weak state of inane complaint and grumbling, or drift into a desponding mono-

mania, whereas in Australia, living, so to speak, from hand to mouth, and a crack of the bullet as my best distraction, I can at least preserve my manhood and courage."

Something in his tone jarred on Sir Hugh's

"I would make you my secretary, or get you some post in the city. You might rise from head clerk to be a partner. Now I have interest in some iron works; would you like to be the manager and overseer?"

Lionel shook his head.

"If you were the Prime Minister, and offered me ministerial work, I should still refuse; but I thank you sincerely for your goodness."

I thank you sincerely for your goodness."
"I would infinitely rather you were candid
with me, Hargrave, even at the expense of my
possessions. You cannot blind me to the fact possessions. You cannot blind me to the fact that you are hiding something from me which seriously threatens my interests. Now I hate a mystery, so speak out and plainly tell me what all this amounts to?"

"And if I refuse, Sir Hugh P"
"Then I shall be inclined to believe some snare or conspiracy awaits me."

Lionel was silent a few minutes, walking hastily up and down the room.

Lady Violet now looked in, and seeing they both appeared disconcerted at her presence, be-lieved they had been indulging in a quarrel, of which she might have been the cause.

"Why actually here, and I have sought you both everywhere. The dancing is still proceed-ing enthusiastically, even if our ranks are some-what thinning. Well, Baron, this is really too bad of you to forsake us so soon, and there is Hugh, I declare, looking positively cross and sulky. Why did you levant in this way?"
"Wanted a smoke," answered Sir Hugh, un-

crossing his legs; "deuced long evening, you know, without a cigar, all things considered."

Lady Violet laughed musically.

"Have you any idea that we are approaching the small hours of the morning," ahe asked, throwing aside her cloak. "I am nearly tired " lying lazily back in a green leather arm-

"Yes, you look uncommonly pale," wried Sir Hugh, injudiciously. "Candle-light beauties won't bear the test of the dawn; it's then the rosy milk-maid has the best of it."

"I hope you're not contemplating the feat of leading one of your mill-hands in Sheffield to the Hymeneal altar," said Lady Violet, sweetly; "let that custom be strictly relegated to Man-chester, where the young 'caliooes' can amuse themselves by marrying their factory girls as chester, where the young their factory guarantees by marrying their factory guarantees. Well, as I'm so pale, in often as they please. Well, as I'm so pale, is not that a good excuse for my leaving you, most ungracious cavalier ?"

And she held out her hand, not caring to appear faded or worn in the eyes of either, even if they were necessarily exempt from experi-mentalising with her future destiny.

"You don't mean to send us away at this hour of the morning?" said Sir Hugh; "it would be positive cruelty to animals. How are we to get to town? And how will my valet, Simpkins, be aroused after the hot libations in which he invariably drinks my health when I'm out for the evening? Besides, I'm not particularly fond of figuring in the eyes of the local police as a burglar wearing stolen studs, returning to the railway station; neither is it pleasant to travel in one's dress clothes by the workmen's six o'clock train; and I feel awfully seedy and knocked up."
"There is a little dressing-room at your dis-

posal near the earl's, and facing the second corridor. We call it the blue-room," Lady Violet said, after considering how her numerous

guests were to be disposed of.

Ah! that will do charmingly; Simpkins will arrive about twelve to dress me, and the Baron can roam about by himself, and admire the scenery before luncheon."

You are quite welcome to this little room, but I fear the Baron will find it miserably

small.

"Anything will do for me, indeed," answered Lionel, hastily; " but I trust we are not intruding, or putting you to any inconvenience. I am quite ready to bear any imputation from your guardians of the peace, and besides, we could easily find a room at the 'Mitford Hotel.'"

No, thanks," answered Sir Hugh. what that charming hostelrie means. They bring you black-beetles in everything. I once discovered a perfect forest of these sooty insects

discovered a perfect of the drawunder my pillow."

"Well, suppose then we return to the drawing-room, take a farewell glance at the dancers,
and then retire ourselves?"

at the door, and Dr.

and then retire ourselves?"

There was a brisk tap at the door, and Dr. Moseley, smiling placidly (with the expression we might trace on an archbishop's physiognomy invited to gamble and shocked beyond all words), entered, fearing lest the too lovely Lady Violet and that dangerously handsome fellow Mivar were in close tete-1-tete together. But no, the lady was at a considerable distance from him in an easy-chair. Indeed both friends looked unmistakeably bored. mistakeably bored.

Lionel could hardly control his resentment and agitation at sight of the dostor's facetions manner. The narrow eyes gleaned anew, as if he had found something at last worth hunting down, and gave him the expression of a mirth-

ful alligator.

"Excuse me, dear lady, one last dance—a delicious galop," muttered the irrepressible doctor, who felt cramp-like warning assails his

feet and legs, but resolved to "die game."

After offering Lady Violet his arm, and swallowing a glass of Marsala with the verve of a dustman, they swept gracefully together from the room, for she was nothing loath to depart, gathering up her costly skirts a little tossed, crushed and ruffled from the many encounters of

the evening.
"Deuced fine woman, Violet," muttered Sir Hugh.

Seems very well put together," assented

"I shouldn't at all wonder they make a match of it. You will one day see on some printed placards, 'Extraordinary Affair in High Life.—Elopement of a Noble Lady with a Celebrated Mad Doctor.'"

"But he is married."

"My dear fellow, as a virtuous Queen of England once remarked to her husband, with a brilliance not often found at trying moments, Ca n'empêche pas.'"

Tessa though would have most decidedly ob

jected to this divergence from duty on the part of her Ebenezer, and Tessa mistrusted him more than he quite knew, but all the mistrust in the insufficient to make her keep awake after half-a-dozen glasses of champagne. was by this time fast asleep under the shade of

a heavy curtain in the smaller drawing-room.

Prior to the galop Dr. Moseley sought his wife
and endeavoured by no gentle means to awake
her, for after several ineffectual shakes, he took up her fan (the present of a semi-idiotic Indian lady in his establishment who had taken a fancy to Tessa) and dealing a smart blow on her plump shoulders, broke the sandal-scented handle in

Thus recalled to earth too hastily to be pleasant, Tessa gave way to the irritation of her feelings (aggravated doubtless by the wine she had swallowed) by copious floods of tears, and that mild bellowing associated with the hysteric temperament and severe indigestion,

"Are we to leave?" she asked, starting up.
"No, of course not. You dance again wid dat voman. I see all die time you make love to her,

under my very nose."

'If you talk any more nonsense, Tessa-gad! I'll never let you iron again," said the doctor, severely, dreading some ominous shudders of Tessa that foreboded a fiercely hysterical

My dear Moseley, where are you?" asked "My dear Moseley, where are you?" asked the earl, approaching the spot where the con-jugal battle raged. "This is your dance with my daughter, is it not?"

"Idiot!" whispered Moseley to his wife, "it's his lordship. Wake up and look lively and put your weath straight."

But in vain. Tessa's head again descended in an oblique line towards the curtain, and alas!

now a snore; an honest, vulgar, apoplectic peasant grunt fell on his horrified ears.

"If she takes to drinking it's all up with me," he muttered, "and that most decidedly sounds like a tipsy snore. Oh, wretched man that I am, to be tied to this savage, who disgraces me wherever I go, when beauty, rank and breeding might all have been mine!

might all have been mine!"
And he was fain to leave her thus, to fulfil his engagement with Lady Violet. Dr. Moseley found her far too attractive to easily resign. Indeed some very crutte promptings had occurred to him since supper of pleading his love and drifting into that sider field of his destiny over which Sir James Hannen might be

called on to preside.

He was very tired of the lunary business; he detested his wife; he leathed the danger, scheming and worry his professional duties entailed. It was also trying to the nervous system being so constantly on the qui vive—so to speak—in case any light-minded lunatic, escaping the vigilance of the assistants, should bring an action against him in court, and plead his own cause ith that acumen, discernment and ability of hich we have found many remarkable specimens in our daily papers.

The indolence as well as the savagery of the creole was in his veins, and to bask on Italian shores, listening to the gondola songs from some Venetian balcony, or yachting about the Mediterranean Sea and the Belearic Isles, would be all far more agreeable than feeling the

would be all far more agreeable than feeling the pulses of uninteresting hypochondriacs, or enduring the respectable gloom of Bayswater.

He wanted a little more enjoyment, change and brightness, and this beautiful Lady Violet, who reminded him of a heroine in a French novel, would never treat him to those larmoyante scenes the too faithful Tessa exulted over.

He therefore took care to convey to her lady-

ship that he was the descendant of a Portuguese ducal house on his mother's side, she having married an eminent doctor, which was really a neat idea, considering his father had graduated in a gutter and knew a good deal more about the quality of cats'-meat than of drugs and pharmacy. If he, Dr. Moseley, felt disposed, it would not be impossible to purchase part of that would not be impossible to puremise part of that dukedom back and take up an ancient and even world-renowned title. But how, fettered with such a woman as Tessa, could lie ever hope to be presented with distinction at the British or foreign courts?

foreign courts?

So the last galop passed off with as much celat or even more than the first. Moseley waltzed admirably. His polkas were miracles of tasteful steps and sliding. Lady Violet, panting and breathless, was safely borne in her partner's arms through the giddy mazes of the labor and they soon after found themselves, by galop, and they soon after found themselves, by the merest accident, again in the refreshmentroom, where Moseley suggested a glass of maraschine to Lady Violet as a safe "pick-meup" after her recent exertions

That last dance was really glorious," the doctor said, looking at the floury compound on his shoulder, where the remains of the velontine lingered.

"It was indeed," sighed Violet; "in fact quite rapturous, but I feel at last almost worn out. Fan me, please, very gently." Moseley obeyed with delight. Could this purring individual leaning over an exquisitely-rounded arm and shoulder be indeed exquisitely-rounded arm and shoulder by indeed the monster who could control with an eye a perfect phalanx of lunatics? This, the brutal spouse, who disregarding shrieks and screams, dragged innocent little green curl papers from the hair of the unhappy Tessa, when the free and unfettered charms of nuptial endearments should have blinded him to all save the joys and privilege of her companionship for the next thirty or forty years?

Baron Mivar and Sir Hugh were now ascending the oaken staircase, the latter very anxious to be refreshed by a good night's slumber. Not so Lionel. Sleep seemed as if it must ever be a stranger to his eyes. How could he escape from his mental thraldom? He is still under the influence of his sorrow; it is again pressing hard upon him with remorseless impalpable wings, so

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that he wonders if peace of mind will ever again be his.

again be his.

Sir Hugh was of another temperament. He had more of the Gibson in his safe, nervous system; less emotional susceptibility. There was greater richness of colouring, greater capacity for suffering in Lionel. Sir Hugh could have better supported a life of frivolous ease and enjoyment, and have more easily forgotten a beloved one than his brother. So when Sir Hugh threw himself on the edge of the bed, and soon sank into sweet and untroubled reand soon sank into sweet and untroubled re-pose, Lionel turned to the window, moved aside the blind and watched the first cold rising of the dawn.

dawn.

He was weary of the garish images, the sickly artificialities, the envy, hatred and malice, the art, beauty and falsities, the heart-burnings and bickerings which he had noticed during the evening. He had seen young faces overcast with jealousy, and he had heard mocking words banded from young lips that curled as they smiled. He fancied he still heard the strains of the dance music, as he lingered with Lady Violet near the azaleas in the conservatory and listened to his true history.

and listened to his true history.

To go away; to efface himself from England; to bury himself in a new land; this was his bitter resolve. He prayed for some brief respite to escape from memories poisonous in

Tet how fair was this English landscape. One large sheet of the broad lake, in which he had plunged to rescue Lady Constance, rippled languidly under the pearl-edged clouds of dawn, the dew leaping the hollows, and vanishing amid fern and underwood, the old trees of the park, the shiping greenward dynaed in dew all

amin tern and underwood, the old trees of the park, the shining greensward dipped in dew, all made up a rare picture of pastoral beauty.

To sleep under the earl's roof with these tyrannous thoughts raging within him was impossible. Only troubled dreams must be the result. He will once more visit the little cottage beyond the dark plantation, in which his sweet love had visited him; it would be a new acony, and yet vivify memory like visiting. new agony, and yet vivify memory like visiting a tomb.

Lionel glanced towards his sleeping brother, and drawing the curtains again over the window, opened the door and softly descended. Not a sound was stirring in the mansion. A few rooks cawed and screamed amid the trees of the shrubbery, and one of the grooms was leading a pair of horses out for exercise in the park.

Lionel entered the drawing-room; its halfclosed shutters vainly sought to exclude day-light. Here was the raised dais with a few stray music-books, some empty refreshment glasses, some harp strings, and a tuning-fork along its edge; the deserted dancing-room looked decidedly trists in the chill morning's glessy heaven fans, from your to I ladie, drasses, gleam, broken fans, fragments of ladies' dresses, gilt buckles, crushed rose and geranium leaves, sprays of withered maiden-hair fern, two or three lace handkerchiefs, silver sprays, and a striped opera-clock, caught his notice.

Lionel sat down amid these inanimate assistants at departed mirth and festivity, these pale wrecks of a golden freight of fashion and frivolity, and thought it as dreary a scene as visiting a theatre when the gas was out. A small, smutty-faced kitten had wandered from the kitchen, and was amusing itself by playing amid the shreds of tulle, now and again eyeing some doves that coosed softly with avident insome doves that cooed softly with evident interest.

Some of Lady Violet's most valuable birds, Some of Lady Violet's most valuable birds, Brazilian parroquets, were fighting briskly among each other in their several cages, with anything but agreeable intonations, and a viciously-disposed parrot was calling out, "Never come here again," with such a warning look in its half-closed eyes, Lionel smiled as he approached it, and was received with a furious charge from its hock. charge from its beak.

"Never come here again," he repeated. "No, my fine friend, I think it very probable I never shalk."

The parrot treated him to another sentence, and he almost started at hearing the bird cry in its shrill tones: add all fall owner of

"Who are you looking for? Who are you looking for?"

The words seemed to follow him through the rooms, and were so constantly repeated, he was not sorry to close the door of the deserted ballroom and saunter out into the fresh air.

And then just at that moment, as he turned to give one final glance at the room ere finally quitting it, he was certain something swept past him up the stairs with a faint rustling sound! What was this vanishing phantom? Could the hall be haunted? It might have been one of the guests restless like himself, who had strayed downstring. Only the lightless I have been one of the guests restless like himself, who had strayed the guests restless fixe himself, who had strayed downstairs. Quick as lightning Lionel resolved to follow and track the vanishing figure. He distinctly saw someone in white pass along the upper flight of stairs, and then his heart gave a

great leap.

The features of this pale phantom were unmistakeably those of his dead wife. And yet it might after all have the sisters were so alike, it might after all have been Lady Violet. But was it?

Some warning instinct told him no. He ran swiftly along the stairs, the figure in white still gliding softly. He could catch no further glimpse of its features. It vanished at last from his sight, and was reflected but as a shadow on the wall.

Lionel covered his face and staggered moodily back to the landing. What, or rather who had been revealed to him? It was surely Constance, pale and worn, and they were guarding her here unknown to the world. Only a shadow on the wall! What was he dreaming of? Over-wrought fancies were bringing strange delusions.

His wife was surely dead! Had he not seen her in her coffin?

her in her coffin?

He passed under the branching trees of the avenue, and was soon on the borders of the winding lake in the centre of the Park. Leaving this he came upon the little cottage he had inhabited years ago. Lionel touched the rusty broken lock, pushed the door gently open and entered. A homely rushen chair was rotting by the grate; spiders' webs laced and re-laced the ceiling. In one corner a rat was hiding, and still the wild creeper he had carefully trained crept lovingly about the broken window-panes and bloomed in its desolate wildness.

When he had inhabited this cottage he had believed himself a poor and observe presents.

when he had inhabited this cottage he had believed himself a poor and obscure peasant's son, and now rank and money were at his feet he despised them; he would retain his simple habits of toil and industry with contempt for

despised them; he would retain his simple habits of toil and industry with contempt for pampered luxury and sloth.

Fate now offered him his rights, and with a certain bitter obstinacy and derision he took a pleasure in defying the tardy justice dealt out to him by rejecting all.

Poor little cottage! So small and humble, but in which fairest hopes had palpitated and lived; where he had breathed the rapturous life of a poet, and where the happiest hours he should ever know had been passed. It was sacred to him, for all it was but a ruin, with withered ivy whispering elegiacs at its shattered casements, and yet something to remember when he shall be miles away on the treacherous ocean, again viewing the lace-work of the rippling sea bloom, linking him with brighter days and England.

It was here he had dreamt of proud achievement, of fulfilled purposes, and this was the end,

It was here he had dreamt of proud achievement, of fulfilled purposes, and this was the end, like that of so many earthly projects: an empty tenement; a desolate hearth; a broken heart.

He turned silently away, tears darkening his sight. He had remained here an hour in deep and varied thought. He was glad to know he was the heir of a great race with money and rank at his command—very glad, because he had the will and power and strength to disdain them.

The sins of the father had indeed been visited on him. Well, then, he would have nought of that father's possessions. He would live his own simple, unfettered life in his own way among strangers, and be perhaps the daring champion and leader of a people struggling for light and freedom. light and freedom.

his instructions years ago. His back was a good deal more bent by age and rheumatism, and he doffed his cap to the baron, little dreaming of the orders he had once taken from him about box-edging and geraniums.

box-edging and geraniums.

"You want to be sketching that there little cottage, my lord," he said, humbly. "Many ladies and gentlemen admires it uncommonly, especially the speckly roof, though if they had to come and live in it they might tell another tale. Our young lady, too, she comes and paints it whenever she gets a chance, and a wonderful pretty picture she do make o' the chimney. You might fancy the smoke was all blowin' out of it, though its been empty this many a year."

"Ah, indeed," assented Lionel: "who then

"Ah, indeed," assented Lionel; "who then inhabited it?"

"A young man of fine abilities," said the old gardener, "even if he might be only of humble origin. Lionel Hargrave he was called, and he knew a bit like of everything, of parleyvoo and music. He tried, my lord, to teach hisself all he could."

"Most praiseworthy intelligence on his part."

"It was indeed. 'Twas he that laid out our Italian garden which the earl sets great store

on."
"And did the earl prize this young man's

endeavours?"

"There was a fine blow-up all round, my lord baron, when things came to be known about that young man and his goings on. He like always looked above him, as he did with his book-learning and music, and he warn't satisfied with nothing, and when it came to the women, why he tried to take the very best to be had in the country. None o' yer Pollies and Kitties and Susies for him; not a bit of it!"

"The fellow was a rural Lovelace then?"

"What that means I dunno; but I was earthin' up my celery beds one day, when I heard a scream and someone sobbin'. I knew heard a scream and someone sobolin. I knew Muster Hargrave was perticular respectable in his conduct. He kind o' hated the bobbin' and noddin' o' yokels, and I was sure 'twas no poor lass a frettin' her heart out for him, but these, I've no business to be tittle-tattling about my betters."

"I heard the daughter committed the imprudence of meanwing this Lionel Hargraye'"

"I heard the daughter committed the imprudence of marrying this Lionel Hargrave!"

"Have you now indeed, my lord?" answered the old man. "That's as may be. Let them believe it who like, I don't. There warn't no marriage ceremony read, or anything of the kind, for all as a loafing Frenchman hiding round by my cherry-trees swore he witnessed it. Beg pardon, my lord, for talking, but I'm a very old servant; served the family man and boy nigh upon forty year come Candlemas. Ah, a long service! My rheumatics are awful bad to-dav."

"Why don't you believe they were married?"
"Because she never would have left him
then, they were as loving as turtle-doves."

"Ah! these old families seem to have strange romances connected with them. This—this young lady, Constance, is dead, is she not?"

There was a pause, and then the gardener. throwing down his spade, and thumping his

shoulder, said:
"Well, and I ain't so sure about that

neither !" Lionel almost clutched the old man's arm in a

sudden over-mastering emotion.
"But they say she is dead?"

"And they've said the same o' me too, leastways my family have. I've been laid at rest many a time in a churchyard at Poplar, yet here I am still above ground, and they do say she's dead and buried in their mausoleum, but I've my doubt; but doubt's a sin as clergymen tells us on Sunday, which is a comfort, as I often doubt if I shall ever see heaven."

Lionel thrust aside his false beard; pushed back his hair and said, yielding to an overwhelming impulse.

"Speak the truth to me and tell me all. It Sauntering towards the Hall, Lionel came is a matter of life and death to me; speak and upon the old gardener who had worked under I will give you gold. Look into my face; don't you recognise me at last? I am that landscape gardener, Lionel Hargrave!"

The old man began to tremble violently, and threw his cap away in his new excitement.

"Mercy save us! Not a baron, but Master Hargrave!"

"But remember, not a word of this at present to a soul! I know I can trust you."

"Lord—sir—it brings the tears into my old eyes; it does for sure to see you again; and how are you, sir? Pretty well? And you gone through all this trouble. You may trust me. If you only knew the secret that is under that roof, your heart 'ud burst with joy, that it would."

"I know it." answered Lionel, believing he

was alluding to the Allerton mystery.

"Ah! well, then there's nought more to be said, but you'll have a peck o' trouble still to claim your rights, but here's someone a coming, our lady's-maid. Meredith, and she might our lady's-maid, Meredith, and she might recognise you; but how that grisly beard do alter you to be sure. She often takes a morning stroll for the benefit of her health. Thank ye, sir—thank ye much," he added, as Lionel put five shillings in his weather-stained palm.

The supposed baron passed along and avoided the lady's-maid, who seemed as if searching for someone. He visited the stables and looked at the blood-hounds, resolving now to return to the Hall to breakfast. He should remain a day here, for he might gain more information re-garding his wife.

The gardener's words had restored the electrifying magic of hope. And the next time Lionel passed the landing, it was not a shadow on the wall that arrested his attention, it was a voice low and thrilling that implored, and the voice was that of Lady Constance!

(To be Continued.)

#### CREMATION.

THE problem what is to be done with the human body after death must from the earliest ages have occupied the attention of the world. and it has been solved by the various nations in an astonishing variety of ways. Juvenal narrates of the Egyptians, or rather the East Africans, that in a moment of fury they tore up the bodies of their enemies and eat them with-out waiting even for this preparatory step. This, however, was an exception, as are all the instances of inhuman meals made during sieges and famines; and it is impossible to include any of them amongst the usages or customs of nations.

In the treatment of the dead, two leading principles, of by no means similar kind, seem to have influenced mankind; the first, a desire to get rid of the mortal and corruptible remains; and the second, a wish to perpetuate the memory of the deceased. The most rude and obvious way of attaining the first of these two objects was to hide the body underground, although in some Eastern countries a still earlier expedient was to put it into a cave. The mound produced by burying a body beneath the earth suggested naturally another mode of marking a place which was either holy or accursed according to the religious faith of the people, or, perhaps, the private character of the dead. We have in England plenty of those strange piles of earth, which, even now, after the lapse of centuries. and after the ideas which prompted their makers had long been forgotten and lost, have still a sort of solemn influence upon the mind of most

One of the most able and famous of barbarian conquerors was treated after his death in a way which historians have never satisfactorily explained. So anxious were his followers that his place of burial should never be known, that they actually diverted the course of a broad stream, dug his grave in the bed of it, and when his body had been consigned to it, allowed the stream to

revert to its original course.

The origin of cremation as a means of disposing of the human body may have been single or

double-we have no means of saving which-Either the object may have been merely and solely to destroy it altogether, as must virtually have been the case in the most ancient times; have been the case in the most ancient times; or the idea may have been, as it was afterwards, to reduce the corpse to a condition in which it might be preserved for ever. When the great chieftain dies, his followers proceed to heap up an enormous fire of wood. On the top of it is laid his body, surrounded by the most inflammable materials, disposed so as to burn it up as completely as possible. It was supposed that certain ashes collected afterwards amongst the debris were the bones of the dead man; but few debris were the bones of the dead man; but few will believe that the most careful search could separate them from the huge mass of cinders. But whatever was the original object, the practice steadily gained ground amongst the Indo-European nations. The Romans, after having for a long time been accustomed to bury their dead, gradually abandoned that practice altogether in favour of cremation. A semi-public view of the dead body preceded its removal to the place of burning, so that if there were occasion the suspicion of foul play might be raised, and, if necessary, verified while there was yet time. We are now brought face to face again with the same rivalry between inhumation and cremaivon. New objections, religious, sentimental, and practical, are brought to bear upon us from the two sides, and we have not yet had time to consider them. It is too much to ask that when they are considered it shall be without heat and bicotry? There is worth to be acid content. bigotry? There is much to be said against cremation, and perhaps something in its favour. But there is clearly enough in history to forbid us to set it down off-hand as a barbarous and horrid practice.

#### RUSSIAN HERO.

## Marko Tyre's Treason.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE emotions with which General Gradowsky, in the character of the old money-lender, recognised in his visitress the Countess Sabielin, were of a nature to defy record or expression.

As we shall see in due course, the countess had been the one great bane of the general's

existence.

For a moment, therefore, as the startled man recoiled before the astounding visitation, he had all he could do to prevent himself from the be-

trayal of his identity.

Fortunately the light the thieves had left behind them was far from brilliant, and the general lost no time, after saluting the countess, in seating her and her male attendant with their faces to the light, while he himself dropped into a chair in such a position that his face re-

mained in the shadow.

The consciousness of these favouring circumstances, in connection with the sentiments of curiosity that at once invaded his soul as to why the countess had sought the Jew's presence, very promptly contributed to the restoration of Gradowsky's calmness. By the time she had raised her veil and made herself comfortable he indicated by a humble bow that he was ready

for business.
"You are surprised to see me here, no doubt, good Misdrek," said the countess, by way of a

beginning. The supposed Misdrek shook his head as he slipped unseen a couple of silver coins into his

"Like a great majority of my customers," he said, in a voice the presence of the coins in his mouth completely disguised, "you come to me

"To be sure, good Misdrek, but I meant that you are surprised, no doubt, to see that a lady reputed so wealthy is in need of money?"

"It is a world of wonderful changes and

mutations," observed Gradowsky, as politely as possible, he having detected on the part of his visitress a desire to conciliate and interest him. "I cannot say that I am greatly surprised at any financial vicisitude that comes before me. The money-lender, you know, Countess Sabielin, has occasion to note so many reverses and dishas occasion to note so many reverses and dis-tresses in money matters that they soon cease to

resers any novelty to him."

"I am glad to find myself thus easily gliding into an understanding with you, good Misdrek," into an understanding with you, good Misdrek," said the countess, drawing her chair a live nearer to that occupied by Gradowsky. "I want money—a great deal of money—and my thoughts have naturally turned to you as one who can let me have it! I am told you never lend money upon real estate without careful inquiries beforehand as to any claims that may be resting upon it." resting upon it."

"That is a formality of sound business, Countess, from which a money-lender will not lightly depart," said Gradowsky, as she paused in thoughtful hesitancy.

"I will say at once, therefore," resumed the countess, "that the best of my estates are largely hypothecated already, but that there is a liberal margin for the loan I desire, if they are all handled together."

"That can only arrange many desired."

'That can only appear upon due investiga-n, Countess," observed Gradowsky, desirous tion, Countess," of playing properly the character he had assumed.

How much money do you want?"
"One hundred thousand roubles!" The supposed money-lender made a gesture of profound and regretful astonishment.

"A hundred thousand roubles is a large, a

very large sum, to obtain upon estates already largely hypothecated," he declared. "Nevertheless, if the value is actually at the basis of the transaction, there can be no great difficulty in obtaining the money. Who have you applied

"To no one save yourself, sir. You can, of course, furnish even the large amount named if

the securities are ample?"

As the visitress asked this question, a curious glance escaped her, as if there were some motive underlying the question that was not yet apparent.

"I daresay I could, Countess," answered Gradowsky, as he asked himself the mean-ing of the singular scrutiny he had re-marked. "Have you brought your papers with

"No, sir. My present visit is rather pre-liminary than definite. Indeed, I thought you might be willing to ride out to my palace and take a look at the documents there, the more especially as I also wish to pledge with with you I believe

especially as I also wish to pleage with you the entire collection of diamonds. I believe you are aware of the commanding character of my jewels."

"Certainly, Countess—who is not? But what did I understand you to say? That you wish me to ride out to your palace to see your papers and invested?"

and jewels?"
"If you will be so kind, sir. My carriage shall bring you back immediately—and this step seemed to me more sensible and cautious than to bring the diamonds with me."

The supposed Jew heaved a low but profound sigh of relief as he reached a full comprehension of the proposition which had thus been laid before him. His entire soul was in a whirl of agitation.

Had the Countess Sabielin been sent there providentially to assist him in making his escape? There was little doubt that Grousky or some other minion of the police was on the watch, but was it not possible that he might slip away unseen in the lady's com-

"It is possible that you have acted with prudence, Countess," he hastened to say; but I think you will admit that you have suggested to me a measure that few money-lenders would care to accept. If I go with you, who is to care for my house in my absence?

"Why, your clerks - or your family, of "To be sure, that is the way the thought

would naturally strike you," admitted Gra-dowsky, who already had too keen a sense of the capabilities of the countess to be entirely at ease with her, much less tell her how lonely and kelpless he was. "At the same time, I am always anxious to oblige a lady. As I have been confined a great deal lately, it would, of course, do me good to take the air. Who is your attendant?"

"He is De Wicket.

"He is Dr. Misket, our family physician. Pardon my neglect in not introducing him to you sooner!"

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The general took a good look at "Dr. Misket," without betraying the fact, after gravely salut-ing him, and again he had occasion to exercise that self-control for which he had always been remarkable.

For he at once recognised the pretended physician as one of the lady's serfs, a fellow named Bereffsky, who was reputed one of the very worst miscreants in the large number of miscreants she always had hanging about her, in readiness for any villany she might direct them to accomplish.

This discovery of this attempted imposition was naturally suggestive. The general took another good look alike at the lady and at her

attendant.

The latter was a man of middle age, but his entire frame would have been a study for a

Without being large, he was herculean, the muscles standing out upon his arms in such a way as to suggest that he would be a terrible adversary to encounter.

"After what I have said, good Misdrek," resumed the Countess Sabielin, in a voice that was suspiciously affable, "you will not be surprised to hear that my pressing demands for money will oblige me to accept any sum you are disposed to loan me upon my diamonds. As their actual value, however, is not far from two hundred thousand roubles, I presume you will not hesitate to loan me a quarter of that sum upon them. At any rate, I have made up my mind to ask you to take this sum into the carriage with us, with the understanding that the diamonds shall return with you, and that I will pay the usual interest for the accommodation. To guard the eash one way, and the lowels the

To guard the eash one way, and the jewels the other, is the object of Dr. Misket's presence."

"You seem to dispose of me, Countess, about as you please," said Gradowsky, as he arose and walked to one of the rear windows looking out warred to one of the rear windows looking out into the street, without allowing his visitors to obtain a view of his face. "But I am, nevertheless, inclined to accede to your wishes, with a considerable modification, namely, that I have only about thirty thousand roubles under my

hand at this moment."

"That will make no great difference, good Misdrek," said the countess, with a sigh. "The balance will answer later."

"I will consider the matter, then, and soon give you my answer."

Even as he made this remark the eyes of Gradowsky detected the presence of the man who had been on the watch over the premises—

There he was, leaning against a door on the opposite side of the street, and intently watching the lady's carriage.

Again the general reflected rapidly.

As he had suspected during the whole interview, this minion of the police was attentive to

all that was passing.
"There have been thieves around the house two or three nights in succession, Countess," said the general, "and I see that one of these disagreeable intruders is now standing opposite with the evident intention of spying out our proceedings. Perhaps I had better scare him

The resolution of Gradowsky was now fully

taken.

Notwithstanding his recognition of the fact Notwithstanding his recognition of the fact that there was something mysterious and even sinister in the presence and proposition of the countess, he was equally sure that he was gravely menaced with a restoration to his old

In a word, he saw the necessity of improv-

ing the opportunity that was afforded him of leaving the city.

"I must write a brief note to a friend, Countess," he said, "and then I will give you my decision."

He wrote a few lines to Marko, reporting the discovery that the house was under police surveillance, narrating the particulars of the interview that had just taken place, and informing him that further information would doubtless soon be conveyed to him through the person he esteemed the most.

Of course there was neither address nor signature to this letter, but it was quite sufficient to give Marko an idea of the situation if he should return to the house in the course of the night.

"And now to scare away the intruder to whom I alluded, Countess," said the general, as he arose and took his way to the door. "I think I can give him a hint that will be suffi-

Stepping boldly out into the porch, the general called the name of the watcher softly.
"What do you want?" asked Grousky, a little
uncertain from which direction the voice

reached him.
"Step here a moment—to the porch!" requested Gradowsky. "I've a word to say to

you."
The policeman crossed the street slowly, staring at Gradowsky as if he had seen a

ghost.

"You see that I am not dead, Grousky, as you and your three friends supposed," said the general, "and what I have learned of you induces me to ask of you a favour. I am going out for a call, and I want you to watch the house in my absence. Tell your friends, when they come back, that there is danger ahead, and send them away. If you will act thus in my interest, I will give you ten thousand roubles when I see you again—provided you keep my absence a secret, and remain entirely silent as to everything you have seen or heard since you

"Ten thousand roubles?" whispered Grousky,

his eyes aflame with eagerness.
"Yes, ten thousand roubles!"

"It is more than I would make otherwise in ten years, Misdrek. I am the man for your money—a living coffin, with the head screwed on. Go about your business, old man, and have no anxiety whatever."

He saluted, and returned to his post. The

general returned to his visitors.
"It seems the rascal is accessible to reason,"

he reported. "I have engaged him to protect me against his associates, and have little doubt that he will take ground against them, as promised. I will now secure the money I happen to have by me, and the sooner we are off the

"It is well," returned the countess, with a sigh of relief. "How rapidly time passes! It is late already."

Drawing from one of his pockets the keys which had belonged to Misdrek, the general stepped into the front room, or principal office of the money-lender, where he lighted a candle.

Opening a strong box, he supplied himself liberally with money, chiefly in paper, for the sake of convenience, and carefully locked the

box again.

"Now, what is her game?" he asked, as he looked in the direction of the countess and listened. "Heaven only knows! Be her game what it may, however, I can do no less than ride away with her. From her house it will be easy for me to make my way to my own. Oh, Roda, my darling, I shall soon be with you !

Seising a bag of copper coins as a representa-tive of the thirty thousand roubles he had just stowed away upon his person, the general ex-tinguished his light, muffled his features and person, as if making ready for his journey, and returned to the countess and her sinister attendant. attendant.

"I am all ready," he said. "Let's be off!" A minute later they had all entered the lady's carriage, and were rapidly leaving the

lady's carriage, and were rapidly leaving the house of the money-lender behind them.

"The thing is done, you see," whispered the countess to her attendant. "The greedy old idiot has tumbled into our trap. We have him !"

#### CHAPTER XV.

As rapid as had been the movements of Colonel Dal in his unexpected assault upon Marko, the eye of our hero had been quicker, and by a very slight change of position he had very notably broken the force of the blow.

As the reader may have half suspected, therefore, Marko was in full possession of his senses at the moment Colonel Dal tumbled him out of

the boat into the river.

The first and natural impulse of the victim had been, of course, to resist this attempt upon his life, and we have no doubt be could have reversed the whole situation of affairs on the instant, to the extent of throwing Dal overboard and remaining himself in possession of the

But, as quick as a flash, had entered the soul of our hero an irresistible temptation to let Colonel Dal have his way, in so far as his intention was manifest, and to allow the villain to suppose that he had accomplished his murderous

As the reader had seen, Marko had become the centre of a web of events and projects of no little importance, and he had so far recog-nised this fact as to comprehend the line of conduct those around him were taking towards

For instance, he could well understand-to a sufficient extent, at least—why he had been drugged by the empress. She had, of course, desired to prevent him from returning to General Gradowsky, and also from paying a visit to Roda.

These were two points that Catherine intended to look after for herself, and in her own particular fashion.

In like manner Marko had no difficulty in perceiving, even more quickly than the blow fell upon him, that Colonel Dal had a score of good reasons and notions, from his point of view, making this murderous assault upon him. The fact that Dal was a desperate suitor for Roda's

hand covered his whole action.

Chuckling within himself, therefore, at the practical joke he was playing upon his assailant, Marko allowed himself to be tumbled into the river in the unceremonious manner related, and to be carried down stream by the current.

We have already referred to the intensity of

the fog upon the river.

It was so dense that Marko passed from the gaze of the would-be assassin on the instant, and by the time the one had begun to row for the shore, and the other to swim in the same direction, they were as well separated as if seas were between them.

Of course this intense fog signified nothing

to our hero.

True, it prevented him from seeing the lights along the banks of the Neva, but there was no necessity of seeing them.

He took his course easily from the noise made by Dal in rowing, and even this aid was in nowise necessary, as he could have readily shaped his course by the direction of the current.

The shock of his plunge once over, Marko enjoyed the situation immensely, he being too good a swimmer to have the least anxiety about placing himself in a position of perfect safety in a very few minutes.

In effect, he soon reached a large boat lying alongside a wharf not far below the palace, and easily raised himself out of the water into it, after first assuring himself that it was

And here he rested and reflected, quietly investigating the injuries Dal had inflicted upon

The blow had been delivered in such a way that it must have imperilled Marko's life, had

it not been for the movement he had had time to make for his protection.

As it was, there was a great welt across his chest where the blow had chiefly expended itself, and severe bruises upon his left arm, both above and below his elbow, his involuntary movement having placed the member in a position to serve

as a fender.

These latter injuries were so severe that, now that his excitement had subsided, his arm had become powerless for the time being, aching and throbbing in a way that vouched for the assassin's intention

Well, here I am." said Marko to himself, as he peered around into the fog, "not only alive, but able to put in an appearance in any direction at pleasure!" What a surprise it will be for Dal

He arose quietly, as his usual expression came he arose quierry, as his usual expression came back to his face, and allowed the water to drip a few moments from his garments, and then, upon further reflection, doing what he could to wring them out with the hand still at his service.

And then, by as direct a route as possible, he took his way to his room in the palace, where he locked himself in, changed his under-clothes, anointed his injuries with a famous penetrative cintment he happened to have by him, and thereupon commended himself to his Creator, with a heart full of thanks for the great superiority of his blessings over his ills, and went to sleep as if nothing had happened.

It is true, his last thoughts were not free from anxiety in regard to Roda and her father, but the hour was now too near the break of a new day for him to have any apprehension of instant perils for his betrothed, or for him to think of returning to the house of the money-lender until another night.

As to what Dal had told him, about having orders to seize Roda, he dismissed the whole thing as a pretence and a forgery—as indeed it was—and contented himself with the resolve to put all those matters upon their proper footing as soon as he should again see the

It must have been near the hour of noon when Marko was aroused from his long and refreshing

slumbers by a knock at his door.
"May I come in, Captain?" called a voice, which he at once recognised as that of the em-

We have already had numerous occasions to note that Marko knew his business. In an instant he had leaped from his bed, wrapped himself in a blanket, and given Catherine admittance, with as cool a grace as if he had just come from the hands of his tailor.

"What! sleeping so late?" reproached the empress, playfully, as she walked up to him and struck him with her fan. "What does this mean ?

"It means, in the first place, great Catherine," replied Marko, advancing a chair for his visitor, "that I am enjoying the furlough your majesty so kindly gave me. In the second place, I had a busy and exciting night, and was very much exhausted. And in the third and last place

"It is about that sudden attack that I come to inquire," said Catherine, as she took the seat proffered her. "You are all over it, I suppose, and feel no ill effects from it?"

"None whatever, many thanks to your majesty," replied Marko, bowing low. "Then dress yourself, while I look over your

books. I have come to have a little chat with you

about matters and things in general."

Marko lost no time in slipping into his clothes, the alcove in which his bed stood being so retired as to preserve every propriety for this proceeding, and he soon presented himself to Catherine, looking as fresh as the day.

"Be seated, Captain Tyre," invited the empress, with her most engaging air. "Golos reported to me at an early hour of the morning, that you had recovered from your indisposition, and had probably returned to your room, as the locked from within, so that I have had

no particular anxiety about you."
"Nevertheless, I have been in grave peril,

great Catherine," said Marko, drawing a chair | ear to Catherine and dropping into it, and plunging into business.

You in peril? From what quarter?"

" From Colonel Dal!"

"From Colonel Dal!"
"Indeed? Tell me all about it!"
Marko hastened to do so, without suppressing a single circumstance, not even the intention he had had of flying to the rescue of Rode

On hearing of the existence of the forged orders in the case, the brow of Catherine corrugated with one of her most threatening tem-

"Excuse me a few moments, Captain Tyre," she said, arising. "I will see if Colonel Dal is in the palace. No doubt he is absent, as he asked me for a leave; but I'll see!"

She glided away impetuously, remaining absent several minutes. When she came back she held a paper in her hand, and was a prey to

a towering passion.

"Dal is away—fortunately for him," she re-"Dal is away—fortunately for him," she re-ported as she resumed her seat. "But here is a document I found in one of the pockets of the coat he wore yesterday, and which he has changed for another. Is this the forgery to which you referred ?"

Marko took a good look at the document. "It is, your majesty," he then answered.

"I need not assure you it is an impudent aud, Marko," she murmured, looking as acked as angry. "I need hardly add that Dal frand. shocked as angry. ceases to be an officer in my service from this moment. To show you how utterly false is the pretence of this foolish fellow, I need only say to you that I have seen Miss Gradowsky since our last conversation-

Marko could not restrain a start of sur-

Seen her?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, seen her at her own house," declared Catherine, smiling more graciously than ever. "Is there anything strange about that? You must remember that the distance is not great that I am possessed of good horses, and that I am a woman of action!"

The soul of our hero was already in a blaze to know why the empress had visited Roda. Smiling indulgently at this evident desire, the empress resumed:

"After what has passed between us (if you recall your confidences to me about the young lady), you ought not to be surprised to hear that I have resolved to create her Baroness Gradowsky, and to name her one of my maids of honour. The decrees in these cases have already been issued, and have been sent to the 'Court Gazette' to be printed, and I expect the Baroness Gradow-

sky here from one moment to another!"

The joyful surprise of Marko can be imagined. He dopped upon his knees at the feet of sovereign, and gratefully kissed the hem of her

"Then you will, of course, do as much for General Gradowsky," he cried, his face glowing with the earnestness of his emotions. "Let me tell your majesty how and where-'

"Oh, I know all about the matter," interrupted Catherine, as she passed her hand reassuringly over his fair hair. "He is at the house of Misdrek, the Jewish money-lender."

And without raying any attention to Mankede

And without paying any attention to Marko's

start of surprise, she added:
"Leave him there until further orders. not go near him. You probably comprehend, by this time, that the secret is safe with me!"

"Oh, your majesty is goodness incarnate?"
"If you think so already, perhaps I ought to suppress what I am about to say to you?" and the empress motioned him graciously to resume his seat. "Nevertheless, as you are what you are, Marko, I will frankly tell you that I have are, Marko, I will frankly tell you that I have been thinking of you while you have been so generously thinking of others, and that you are from this moment a colonel, commanning the regiment from which Dal has so suddenly

Only those who, at some period of their lives, have experienced a vast desire to rise to place and power for the sake of a loved one, can fully appreciate how this communication took hold of

the earnest and ambitious soul of our hero. He could have kissed the dust at her feet.

"There! I know all you would say, the empress, with a flush of genuine pleasure, as she motioned him back to his seat. "I ac-"I accept, with a joy corresponding to your own the generous tribute of gratitude with v your soul is bursting at this moment, and ceed at once to express the thought I came here to utter. Marko, I look to you as one of the great supports and glories of my reign in the future."

"A thousand thanks, your majesty!" cried our hero, with a sincerity that could not be doubted. "To serve the great Catherine is the one great end of my being. Only—I am still very young, your majesty, and lack all those vast titles to consideration which can come only from experience!"

"You have what is better than experience, honesty and honour," said Catherine, "and that is why I have thought of you as one who, above all other men, can be of great importance to me in one of the crowning plans of my future!"

"Place me where you will, great Catherine," cried Marko. "My very life is at your majesty's disposal !"

The flush deepened upon Catherine's face. She motioned Marko to draw his chair nearer to

her, and resumed as follows: "Of course, like all other persons, whether sovereigns or private persons, I have my especial desires and aims, my especial ambitions, my dreams! "One of the great objects of my future —I may say the greatest object I have or ever expect to have—is to drive the Turk out of Europe, and to found a vast empire composed of all the States between us and the Bosphorus, with a capital at Constantinople! This was not only the dream of Peter the Great, as it is now mine, but many a long step has been already taken towards rendering this a dream of reality! The time is sure to come, therefore, when I shall have a place for you, Marko, that responds to your high merit. At an early day I shall raise you to the dignity of prince with a vast command your high merit. in my armies, and together we will hasten the day when you will be one of the leading digni-taries of Europe and of the world!"

Marko turned pale with the joyous thrills of excitement that shook his entire frame.

"And what can I do, your majesty," he asked, "I will not say to deserve these great honours and distinctions, but to show that I am grateful for them?"

"Simply do as I tell you, and be true to my wishes and interests," replied Catherine, as she arose, with an air of such charming graciousness that Marko felt his whole soul fluttering res-ponsively to it. "In due time and place you shall hear how much and in what way, Marko, I shall depend upon you for the perfection of my power

and glory!"
And with a graceful little wave of that imperial hand which scattered life and death as readily as a flower sheds perfume, the empress gathered the trail of her gorgeous robe in her hand, and

glided from the apartment.

The joyous and yet bewildered aspect of our hero, as he looked after her, (much as a devotee looks at his idol,) may safely be left to the

reader's imagination.
"Roda a baroness!" he gasped. "The general again in favour! And I a colonel, in command of the regiment! Surely heaven is opening for me

a pathway of glory!"

Oh! if he could have known what perils were gathering around him at that moment, he would have shrunk from the future as a doomed victim at the stake shrinks from martyrdom.

(To be Continued.)

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS and Dr. Carver have agreed to shoot a match between the 1st of next September and the 31st of December, 20,000 glass balls to be broken by each within six days, the person who finishes the 20,000 first to be the winner. The stakes are £2,000 a side. He

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#### HONOUR WINS.

Up and down his room, his hands thrust in his pockets, a perplexed frown upon his brow, strode Dennis Latrobe, anxiety and annoyance plainly written on every feature of his handsome face. No one could have imagined him a newlyaccepted lover to the very prettiest girl within a radius of twenty miles; yet so it was.

Not an hour since the words had been spoken which bound him in honour for evermore, and, strange to say, it was this thought which brought the frown and chased away the smile. He had been spending the summer months, during his leave of absence from his regiment, among the mountains; had even had a little hut built among the very wildest portion, where, when his solitary mood was on him, he could seek

One of these moods was on him when he sauntered off a week before, and gaining his re-fuge, watching the thick clouds which were gathering from every point of the compass, con-gratulated himself on his snug quarters, while he fervently hoped the guides who had set off with a merry party of his friends that morning from the hotel, would have had the light early enough in the day to have landed them ere now at their destination. A vivid flash, a low, por-tentous rumbling, interrupted his reverie. How grand a sight it was as the storm burst. But, hark! Surely that was a cry which reached his ear!

He listened. Another peal—another flash—another cry. This time it was unmistakable; and heedless of the rain he hurried in the direction whence it came. He had not far to go ere he discovered the object of his search in a girl's white, pitiful face, over which swept a radiant

smile as his tall figure appeared in view.
"Captain Latrobe!" she called, with a glad

cry of relief.
"Miss Brandon!" burst simultaneously from

his lips, as he recognised her.
But there was no time to be lost, and nothing more passed between them until, dripping with rain, they confronted each other in the snug shelter of Captain Latrobe's den. Then he broke the silence.

"How did this happen?"
"I can hardly tell," she answered. "I wandered off from the rest of the party, telling them I would meet them at a point farther down them I would meet them at a point farther down the mountain, and insisting upon it that I knew every foot of the way. The result proved how wrong I was; but the darkness misled and the storm terrified me, so that, after wandering here and there, and calling aloud, hoping my voice would reach them. I had grown almost desperate when you found me. Oh tall we have you I cover when you found me. Oh, tell me, how can I ever thank you?'

The girl laughed, a low, rippling, musical laugh of content; and something in the laugh, something in the grateful tone, something in the look with which her eyes dwelt on the handsome face at her side betrayed that she scarcely regretted the escapade which had led to such a

Of the real sequel neither of them dreamed. Once or twice it crossed the man's mind, as the night wore on and no rescue came, that the position was an awkward one, but Clare Brandon position was an awaward one, but clare brandon regarded it only as a charming ending to a diastrous beginning, and laid at last her pretty head on the rough bed he improvised for her, and slept as sweetly, as free from haunting eare, as though searchers were not wandering through the storm, calling her name, or the Mountain House was not distraught over her absence.

She had but just awaked the next morning when they found her, and bore her back in triumph. Then a whisper rose—how, from whom, none could tell—but, "Was it not strange that Captain Latrobe should have chosen this time for a retreat to his hermitage? And was it not strange that Miss Brandon should have wandered

The whisper did not reach Clare's ears. me, or those who know our She would scarcely have understood it had your pity I will not have!"

it done so. But it did the ears of the man, and a dull, red glow came on his brow which would have augured badly for anyone who would have dared to beard the lion in his den. He could not trace it, but day by day it grew until the man knew there was but one way to silence it.

The girl was too young, too lovely to be made the sacrifice, and so, in a few, manly words, he asked her to become his wife; but into her eyes there crept such a look of rapture, into her assent such a thrill of ecstasy, that, as he stooped to kiss the young red lips raised to his, he vowed a vow that never should she repent her choice, or dream that the love she gave him was not returned in measure running over.

It was this which brought the frown and chased the smile as Dennis Latrobe paced up and down his room till morning broke, while under the same roof a girl's lips moved even in sleep to breathe his name—her hero—her

The engagement was announced, the wedding duly took place, the whisper, ere its tones grew loud, was silenced. Captain Latrobe was ordered to his regiment, so the engagement had been a

It was Clare's wedding-day. The ceremony had taken place but an hour before; the guests were still assembled, but the bride had retired to change her wedding-robe for her travelling-

She had begged that for these few moments she might be alone. So it was that, from the silence of her own room, voices in the next adjoining reached her. They spoke her name and her husband's.

" All's well that ends well," said the speaker. "All's well that ends well," said the speaker.
"It certairly is a romantic enough affair. It seems Dennis had a hut up in the mountains, and during a storm Miss Brandon was lost somewhere near its vicinity. He found her and gave her refuge for the night. Common humanity, one would think; but it seems he had better have left her to perish, since Christian charity was not large around her cover it and the perish. not large enough to cover it, and the girl's name was at its mercy. Dennis always was a quixotic rds av not mercy. Dennis always was a quixotic fellow, you know, and he determined she should not suffer through him. Consequence—wedding chimes, cake, etc.; but I've seen bridegrooms look more exultant, I must confess. Duty's all very well, but it don't always bring happiness."

The speaker's tones died away, but they had

done their work.

A white, despairing face bowed itself on trembling hands, and a low, low groan of un-utterable anguish thrilled through the room. A quiver passed through the slender frame clad in its wedding robes.

Then, with sudden passion, she unfastened and threw them on the ground, trampling the delicate satin, with its wealth of orange blossoms, beneath her feet. No one could have recognised the laughing, joyous bride of an hour before in the queenly woman who came forth in her stead.

But when the good-byes had been said, the blessings uttered, and they two were alone, and her husband's arm would have stolen round her waist, he looked in sudden amaze that she shrank from his touch.

Clare," he said, reproachfully-and at the word a sudden fire leaped into her eyes—" what have I done?"

Then she turned like a stag at bay.

"You ask me what you have done. Let the long years answer you. I know all, Captain Latrobe everything even to the false honour which taught me to believe I came to you a which taught me to believe I came to you a loved and loving wife. To the world we must act our lie to the end, to ourselves we will live the truth. As Heaven is my judge, I never knew—never suspected the truth. I can see now how blind, how blind I have been!"

For one moment the hot, scalding tears trem-bled on the long lashes. With a great tender-ness, her husband would have drawn her to him,

but at his touch her tears froze.

"Not that!" she said. "The world may pity me, or those who know our secret. Not you—

"Clare," he answered, "forget the past with

"Clare," he answered, "forget the past with me. Let us live only in the future, and let it atone for that past's mistakes."

"Say you love me! Say love only prompted you to ask me to become your wife! Love only prompts you now! But you cannot—you dare not! Any other words insult me, Captain Latrobe. Therefore, I ask your silence!"

Once again Dennis Latrobe paced up and down his room—this time in the narrow con-

Once again Dennis Latroes paced up and down his room—this time in the narrow confines of his barrack quarters; but the frown had only deepened on his brow in the twelve long months of his married life. His life was grow ing unbearable to him.

An order had come for an attack upon the Afghans. He was going out to face death, and in this dread hour he knew the truth. He had learned to love the woman whose own love

But if death claimed him she should know how bitter was his regret, and if his comrades bore his body back, he would ask that the kiss she had ever denied him should fall upon his brow, whose marble would grow warm under its touch.

This and more he told her in the hurried lines he wrote, then put the letter in his desk, where she would never look unless it was as

his widow.

After buckling on his sword, he soon rode forth at the head of his regiment, little dreaming of the burning tears that fell from the watching eyes of her who whispered, "Oh, that I might teach him to love me."

There were bitter days of waiting in the camp. Restless, weary, wretched, Clare Latrobe moved to and fro, even into her husband's study, whose threshold her foot never crossed. His desk lay on the table, and in some sudden movement she let it fall, its contents scattering on the floor. Hastily picking them up, feeling as did Bluebeard's wife with the spot of blood upon the key, her eyes fell on the letter addressed to herself. The letter her hungry eyes speedily de-voured. One long year she had waited, and now, now she knew the truth—perhaps too late. Her coldness, her indifference, her pride, which had so often silenced the words he would fain have spoken, rose up before her, accusing spectres each; burning, passionate kisses rained on the senseless paper she held, and the silence echoed the sobbing sound, in every utterance of love, of

her husband's name.

The next day the troops returned, but he who rode forth at their head was born sadly in the rear. Had she not known it would be so? Was rear. Had she not known it would be so? Was not her punishment just—but was it not more than she could bear? But all was not as she feared. Death had come very close, but had passed the young hero by. When they laid him so tenderly on his own couch at last, there was a wound in his heart deeper than any the enemy had inflicted; but when all had withdrawn and left him and some cone stell softly to his gide. left him, and some one stole softly to his side— some one whose arms were clasped about him, whose cheek, wet with tears, was pressed against his, whose voice, begging forgiveness and pleading with Death to spare him for her sake, sounded in his ear—some one whose sobs mingled with her kisses—his heart-wound healed; and radiant with the happiness which had come to him so strangely, he thanked God for the life which had been spared, and the love which was its ransom.

J. W.

And London will soon be going mad over the Inter-University Boat-race, fixed for the middle of this month, and now attracting attention. Soon will politics be unheeded and uncared-for. The sayings and doings of the sixteen young men will absorb a vast amount of attention, which they will desired the abusing the saying men will absorb a vast amount of attention, which they will doubtless reciprocate by abusing the press, and by craving (?) for that privacy which alone will have the power to satisfy their thirsty souls. As in previous years, ponderous "leaders" will gravely discuss the question as to the effect upon the moral bearing of these young fellows that such publicity must have, and altogether it will be everywhere a case of "Boatrace on the brain."



[UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.]

### THE DREAM OF LOVE.

My mother was engaged in some household care, so she begged me to go to the station after Miss Hildare.

I ordered the carriage, wondering as I went if our expected guest would meet the expectations I had unconsciously cherished concerning her. Everyone who had expressed an opinion about her had said, "She is very handsome," and that is as far as they went.

Miss Hildare wore a travelling shawl of some-thing soft and rich; it was a chilly day in early June, and the manner with which she wrapped her arms in it showed that she felt the coolness. I cannot tell what her dress was; I only know that it floated long and gracefully around her as she walked. Her face was veiled.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," I said. "My name is Saville Heathcote. I am commissioned by my mother to escort you home.'

She raised her veil while I was speaking. "Here are the checks for my trunks."

I took them and turned away.
"She is handsome," I said to myself, "but not at all the style I thought.'

I had seen her face with her mouth a little too large, but crimson and expressive with every motion of her full lips. Her eyes were dark—almost black; they had the look in them that gives one the idea that passion and love and hate are held controlled, looked down, but if they ever should escape, those eyes would burn coal-like,

melt with unspeakable tenderness, or flame lightnings.

Her hair was black, and now, after her travelling, hung half unfastened low on her fore-

I thought of haughtiness while thinking about all this as I got out her trunks. She had not seemed haughty, but she had left that impres-

I went into the waiting-room to tell her the carriage was ready.

She was standing before the mirror, her bonnet off, smoothing her hair. She looked up at me and smiled.

"She is handsome," I thought again, with more emphasis. The curve of her throat and chin was haughty; with one peculiar movement of her lips I knew she could make that curve disdainful enough to infuriate one who liked her. How very beautiful that soft white throat

was!
"A woman must be feminine, you know," she said, trying on her bonnet; "so I wanted to coax my hair a little before I started with you."

"If I were not a man I should dare to criticise the new arrangement," I replied.
"But as you are a man, you are meditating

the propriety of saying that my coiffure is charming any way. Pray tell me that you were not going to say anything like that."

"Frankly, then, I like your hair better as I first saw it. I am sorry you re-arranged

She laughed.

"But you will endeavour to overcome that sorrow? Is this the carriage?" "Yes."

I helped her in, and saw her eyes take in quickly the appearance of the fine bay horses, the dark, rich look of the carriage, the manner and dress of the servant who held open the door. I was rather glad our turn-out was so well appointed, for I did not wish the rich Miss Hildara to he shocked by any appearance of Hildare to be shocked by any appearance of

poverty or parsimony.

My after experience taught me that I did her injustice then. She would have been as willing to ride in an open farm-waggon. The aristocracy in her was that of the soul, not that of outward show.

"You and my mother will be fast friends," I said.

Your mother," she said. "I have not seen her for years-not since I was a child; but from my faint remembrance of her, I think your face resembles hers. Ah! I see by your eyes that you take that as a compliment."

"Yes." I answered, with some enthusiasm;
"I think my mother the noblest—I could almost
say the handsomest—woman I ever saw. I wish I did resemble her, in soul if not in face.'

She looked at me curiously an instant. She must have discovered that I was in earnest. fancied there was more of heartfelt cordiality in her tone when she spoke again.

"Mrs. Heathcote's invitation to me to spend the summer with her could not have come more opportunely. I am more thankful than I can tell for the prospect of an undisturbed season in the country.'

We were now approaching the hills where the village was located, and where, on one of the lesser elevations, my mother's house stood. Miss Hildare looked at it with enthusiasm in

"It is beautiful. I like it," she said. For some reason, I was more pleased by those words than I had ever been by the praise of experienced tourists. My home was certainly worthy of her admiration, and when we alighted at the door, and my mother welcomed our guest with so much kindness and with so gratified a smile on her face, I felt more than ever that Miss Hildare could not too much admire my

mother's home or my mother herself. It was the fourth week of Miss Hildare's stay. In that time I had progressed somewhat in my acquaintance with her. It is true she would not ride or walk with me nearly so often as I wished her to do.

We were at breakfast. I remember I was placing some strawberries in Miss Hildare's plate when my mother said, with a significant glance that I felt, but did not see:

"Mrs. Gore and her daughter are coming here to-morrow. What do you say?"

The tone of her voice, more than her words, made Miss Hildare look up quickly, and, it seemed to me, involuntarily to me. In spite of myself, my hand would swerve a little from its course. It was Miss Hildare's voice that made it do so, not my mother's voice, though I knew our guest thought it was from the latter cause.

My fingers touched her hand. I could not help myself from allowing them to remain one instant on that soft, warm hand, which at that moment I longed to cover with kisses. She withdrew her hand, and coldly thanked me for the berries. I instantly felt dejected to a degree that astonished me.

"Did you hear me say that Miss Gore was coming?" repeated my mother.

coming ?" repeated my mother.

"Yes. Will she bring a retinue with her of the gallants who are sighing for her smiles ?" I asked, with a tone of sarcasm in my voice.

"No," was the reply. "She will probably devote her time to the lion of this house. You

remember, Saville, that you did not dislike her last summer.

"But I have not even remembered her," I

answered, with indifference "Are you so uncomplimentary concerning every woman?" carelessly inquired Miss Hildare, sugaring her strawberries as she spoke.

"My experience has been too limited to admit of a decision," I said.

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She raised her eyebrows slightly, as though she were saying "Ah!" only she did not say it. Miss Mabel Gore had been flirting at a water-

ing-place last summer, and I had permitted her for the short space of eight days to think that I might propose, of which thing, however, I had

Perhaps she was coming here to renew the siege, for she had a strategetic mamma, and might hope to secure me here, with Miss Hildare's face in sight and her voice within hearing.

They came. I could not divest myself of the politeness of a host. I escorted the ladies, being sure, when I could, that Miss Hildare was to be

of the company.

One day we went picnicking. After much maneguring on my part, I found myself alone with Miss Hildare. Her coldness and avoidance of me of late had hurt me more than I cared to own to myself. I sat down by her—on the ground at her feet—and, leaning forward, with an eagerness I did not attempt to conceal, I

"Have I offended you? If I have, it has been unintentionally, and my punishment has been as much as I could bear."

She sat cold and still, her eyes drooped, the shade of the hat she were reaching to her chin

and deepening the stillness of her face.

My heart was beating furiously. It was all I could do to restrain myself from taking her in my arms, whether she liked it or not, only to

have her there for one moment.
"Miss Hildare," I began, my very soul trembling in my voice.

ling in my voice.

A flush came over her face, hitherto so still.

"If you please, let me rise," she said, making a motion as if to get up.

"Certainly, if you wish."

My words seemed freezing on my lips.

I sprang to my feet, and she rose at the same time. I looked once at her face as we walked to

the company. Was it because she was struggling to compose herself? or what was it? The white to compose nerself or what was it? The white throat heaved, the lips were compressed in the endeavour to keep them still. I could not see her eyes. When next I glanced at her, she was cool and self-possessed, the haughty turn of under lip and chin more visible than ever.

I do not know what I might have said to her then, had she not repulsed me so quickly. If she would not be my wife, no other woman ever should. That was irrevocable.

She had frozen the utterance of my love; but she had only sent it back warmer and unconquer-

able. I should yet tell her with my lips what

my face might have expressed.

I was looking dreamily and unconsciously at a ray of moonlight. I became aware that there was a black object moving between me and the group of trees towards which I had been gazing. Moving slightly, to dispel the glamour that long musing had thrown over my eyes, I saw that it was only a man walking slowly in the field near the house, and which separated the carriage drive from the grove.

I thought it a curious time and place to choose for a walk, but then I thought the perfectness of the night would account for stranger things. The man approached nearer and leaned over the fence that lined our drive. He looked over the house as if interested in the survey, not with the casual glance of a stranger. He was quite near me, and I saw him as plainly as one can see by

moonlight.

He was dark-bearded, well-dressed, with the carriage of a gentleman. I sat in the shade thrown by the house, and was not easily discernible.

In a few minutes he straightened himself, and walked rapidly away toward the high road. Then I went to bed.

When I came downstairs the next morning I heard voices in the dining-room. I was a little later than usual, or our visitors would not have been down. Miss Gore was saying:

"It's no use staying here, mamme. Let's go to Scarborough, or somewhere away from this

"Why do you say that?" asked the calmer voice of Mrs. Gore.

"Because, can't you see that Heathcote is dead in love with Norma Hildare? He looks at her as he never looked at me, even in the height of our flirtation. There's not the slightest rea for us to stay any longer; we are only wasting our time. Let's go to-morrow." "But Miss Hildare is not beautiful," urged

the mother.

She was stopped by the vexed voice of her daughter.

"Beautiful! There may be a difference of opinion about that, but even I can see the power in her face. The man who comes to love her will be willing to die for her."

I walked out of hearing at that moment. For once, Miss Gore was right. She had more observation than I had given her credit for. The love that Miss Hildare called forth was to outlive life and death; that face could not be forgotten if the remembrance of it merged into indiffe-

The next morning the two ladies went away. I tried to prevail upon Miss Hildare to go with me in the carriage to see them off. But in vain. For some reason she would not go. So I was the only person who accompanied them to the

Half way up the lane I saw a man and woman walking and talking together. Sharp and fierce came the knowledge that the woman was Norma Hildare.

In the man I recognised the same person I had seen walking in the fields two nights since. He was walking close to her, bending his head towards her and apparently in earnest in what-

ever he was saying.

I could not see their faces—their backs were towards me. Her attitude was one of attentive listening.

This much I saw, then I had passed them, and they were far behind in the quiet solitude of that country lane—the lane I had played in when a boy, which had been the seene of many childish frolics.

I had never expected the dear old place would prove so false to me. I cannot think of it now without a twinge of the pain that came across me then.

My mother was slightly ill that day, and when evening came, Miss Hildare and I were

The consciousness that we were alone, that no human being interposed now between me and her gave me that exquisite sensation of doubtful pleasure which love and woman can give.

pleasure which love and woman can give.

We did not talk much; I could not think of anything to say. At last she rose—I thought was going to leave the room. Anything to detain her. I said, hurriedly:

"I beg you will not go, if I am dull. Will you play a game of chess with me?"

She hesitated, turned back, and sat down by the place on which lay the chess-board. I placed the pieces and we began the game. From time to time I glanced at her face. I was startled by the still sadness of it.

The hauchtiness was lost in the subdued

The haughtiness was lost in the subdued look; her eyes were scrupulously lowered; she could not look up.

I did not want to play, but I tried hard to fix my mind on the game, and I succeeded par-tially. She evidently tried also, but with poor ss. She made move after move that

utterly wrong.
Suddenly she pushed back from the table with a motion of her hand that scattered her

pawns and knights.
"I cannot play," she said, in a low voice, meeting my eyes for an instant.
I never shall forget the supplicating look I saw. It was mingled with something else that went through my frame like the fire of

She rose and sat down on a sofa at some distance from me. I waited a minute, then I put the shade on to the lamp and went and sat down by her. I remembered the look I had seen in her eyes. I thirsted to see it again intensified

She sat quiet; there was something reckless in the closing of her lips, something seductive in the uncertain motion of her eyelashes; something so.

irresistibly attractive in her face and form and manner.

"You were very cold to me that day we had our pic-nic, and I have hardly seen you since," I said.

She made no reply. Her fingers moved with controlled nervousness, then they lay still again in her lap. I must go on. I could not go away with my fate undecided.

"Will you look at me?" I entreated, after a moment's silence, during which I had vainly longed to look into her eyes.

A tremor of the scarlet lips, but she did not

look up.
"Cruel," I murmured, close to her cheek,

"when I love you so." Now she met my eyes—those words drew her eyelids up. Oh, the absolute, passionate sweetness of the gaze that answered mine! It gave to me unreservedly all I wished for from

The mouth that I kissed, kissed me back with the fervour of unrestrained, confessed love. Then she shrank back, away from my arms that

would have held her.

Horrible despair settled over her face.

took her hands, leaned towards her. I whispered, in anxiety:
"Surely, Norma, you love me?"
She withdrew her hands. Her voice froze on

the air as she spoke.
"I am married!" she said.

I wish I could stop writing; I have told nothing, it seems to me, of all there was in my heart-nothing of that imperishable flame which her soul started into life.

And yet I have tried to tell something of all this; tried, not because I imagined anyone would be benefited by hearing it, but because I hoped in these words to find some relief from the restlessness of an aimless life; to find the brightness of the past, and infuse something of it in my present.

Miss Hildare had told me, while her kisses were yet burning on my lips and melting in my soul, that the man lived who could call her his

If I could express what came into existence in my mind then, I might cast some of the venom of that hour from me.

The language of the lost soul would not b too strong to express my torment. I sat still by her side in the position in which I had asked that last question. I looked at her. I could not speak. I had nothing to say.

At last she entreated, in painful, tense

tones

"Oh, for heaven's sake, for my sake, do not look so! Have you not thought of me? Do you not think what I must feel?"

A burning, painful blush came over her face at the reaction of her heart. A thrill of furious happiness went through me as she uttered those words. Never before had it been so hard for me to control myself. Before I could speak

"There now remains nothing for us to do but to part. Circumstances render it very inconvenient for me to leave here, but you-there are

a thousand places to which you can go."
"I cannot go," I answered, doggedly.
A glimmer of suppressed, almost painful delight came for a moment to her eyes. She shut

out the expression resolutely.

"Then I must leave, but I would much rather you went, for a while. When you return, I shall be gone. One of us two must go."

The next morning I was whirling away to London. What I was going to do there in the middle of the summer I did not know or care.

middle of the summer I did not know or care. It was too terrible to know that Norma was distant only a few score of miles.

I would not go into the country. I would burn and suffocate in the heated streets. I had been there a fortnight—years had been shorter to me than that time. I was not sufficiently self-denying; I would not banish the woman I loved from my thoughts; I did not try to do so.

I could not see her—surely no harm was done if I thought of her; thought of her as I had seen her last; heard her say again, "Do you not think that I suffer?" I inhaled again the fragrant breath, felt again the clinging of that haughty mouth-haughty to others-tender to

There was no hurt in my seeing her if—if she was married—I said it with an effort. Her other gentlemen acquaintances saw her just the same. Why could I not see her? There was nothing wrong in that.

The idea got possession of me; it governed me till I could think of nothing else but that I was going to see her again-only as a common acquaintance, though.

The express train was slow; it seemed as though I could walk to her faster than it went. I entered the parlour at home in the middle of a warm August afternoon. My mother greeted

me affectionately.
"Miss Hildare is gone, I presume?" I said, without in the least supposing that I spoke the

My heart best so that I could hardly speak.

Yes; she went home yesterday."

"Yesterday!" I exclaimed. My mother looked surprised.

walked to the window. I had not thought of her being gone so soon. Oh! I must see

I reached her home the next night, and in the dusk of the deepening gloaming I rang the bell at the house.

She was not in the parlour to which the servant showed me. I waited for her. She came in, evidently not knowing who was there, for the servant did not appear to understand

the name I gave.
I came forward and took her hand. I knew the role which I had compelled myself to believe. My fingers trembled round her hand, and my heart burnt and beat within me.

"After reflection, I see no reason why we should not keep up a friendly relation. I am intending to stop some time, and I should be most happy to have permission to call here sometimes

I spoke more coolly than I had expected. She had been palely self-composed, now she looked a little relieved. I handed her a chair, watch-ing her furtively and eagerly. She sat down, and said :

"I shall not certainly be so rude as to refuse so simple a request to the son of such a friend as your mother has been to me."

I felt more exultant than her words seemed to warrant. She did not see the danger. What danger was there in anything so simple as the fact of my calling upon her? It was absurd to think of such a thing.

I did not stop long. I went again and again. She played to me-we sang together. Some-times other people were in. At such times we fell into the habit of looking at each other when anything was said or done that excited any sort of emotion in either of us. We were so sure of

that answering look.

For a month we kept this superficialness in play.

One night we were sitting in the parlour be-fore the lamps had been lighted. She was at the piano and had been playing; she had finished the piece, and was leaning forward to select another.

Her hand rested on the edge of the piano to steady herself as she did so. I sat close to that hand. Impelled by a sudden, irresistible im-pulse, I stooped down and kissed those fingers. Hitherto I had been very careful. I had not attempted any little familiarity, however trifling and innocent it might be.

She withdrew her hand, covered her face, and remained perfectly still, save for the long, tremulous, tearless sobs that came from her parted lips. The illusion was broken. It had lasted out its time.

I would not say anything for fear she would and me away. I sat quiet for moment, then I I would not say anything for fear she would send me away. I sat quiet for moment, then I left her. I did not call again for a week. When of gratitude."

I did, I saw that our old places would not do for us again.

She loved me too completely and irrevocably to be proud to me; she could not be cold to me. There was a look on her face that seemed to supplicate my mercy even while it told me of her entire devotion.

She clung tremblingly to me, and hid her face

on my shoulder.

"Once I sent you away," she said, in low tones

"now—oh, have pity! have mercy!—I cannot
send you away again."

"It is you who must have mercy," I said.
"Think of what my life would be away from

you. And you—you love me?"
I paused for the answer that I hoped for.
"You can never know how much," she said,

with almost a moan in her voice.

She spoke with her lips close to my cheek, her breath sighed over my face. Subdued into un-speakable happiness I held her close to me. Soon heaven or earth could not part us, I thought.

You will go abroad with me?" I whispered.

A convulsive shudder shook her frame. After a moment, she said :

"I will go." A strange look had come over her face.

that made me try to soothe her, something that half-awed me. I sat down with her in my arms. I smoothed her hair and stroked her

"Norma, cry-"Norma, cry—weep, do weep!" I implored. She smiled at me, but no tears came to her

eyes.
"I shall come for you to-morrow night," I said. "You can leave a note for your father

"My father!" she murmured, and turning her face to my bosom, she wept and sobbed so fiercely, so passionately, that my heart ached with her pain.

"The time is coming when I shall not leave you," I said, bending over her with all the tenderness in my nature roused and pulsating in every heartbeat. "Good-night."

"Good-night. Heaven bless you!" she

When I came the next night at the appointed time she was not there. Instead, was a note to me. How plainly every word of it comes to my memory. I have no need to look at that faded thing folded away in my desk. It said :

"As you love me, as you have any nobleness in you, do not come here again. Do not try to in you, do not come nere again.

See me. I will not go with you. My father's daughter cannot do this thing. When I am with you I cannot resist my love. Now I am alone it tears my soul to do so. I shall always love ou I cannot resure as a so. I shall always a Norma Hildars."

I went abroad alone. I wandered, solitary and wretched, over the places where I had hoped to go with my love's hand in mine. This trial, this fiery thwarting of wishes would have done some people good, it would have purified them, but to me the trouble came with all the unutterable strength of flames, it scorched, it burnt, it left ashes where there should have been the greenery

of young manhood.

Many a time when hurrying through Parisian streets I have been startled into a short-lived eagerness, a groundless hope, by seeing in some passing form, that air, that nameless, patrician manner that had so enthralled me, but the face dissipated my thoughts.

One day in Rome 1 sauntered Appian-Way, realising dimly the soft beauty of the place. Suddenly in upon my musing came the place. Suddenly in upon horse's feet. I had One day in Rome I sauntered along the sound fof a gallopping horse's feet. only time to turn and see that it was a lady whose horse had conquered her. I sprang at its head, and received the frightened girl in my arms. Reminded powerfully of my old happiness, I did not at first know to what to attribute it. I looked at the fair English face, whose eyes had thanked me before her tongue had found words.

"Oh, anything; ask what you please, for I cannot repay you," she responded, eagerly.
"I only ask the handkerchief at your belt," I

said. "Its perfume always brings back a pleasure I have lost for ever."

She evidently thought me eccentric, but she granted my request. It was the same delicate fragrance that was always inseparable from Norma. There is nothing that so brings back past scenes as the perfume that surrounded us then. That night the faint iris and vervain of the lady's gift gave me visions of days long gone

by.

Three years from home. My weariness prompted my return, and my mother urged me to come back. "Why," she said, "do you spend your best years away from me?"

A few weeks after, I was walking up the approach to my home. The iron sky of February gloomed above me, and its cold winds blew round me. I was glad to get home. I sat that evening with my mother, thinking of a future life of quiet and placidity. Here should my steps be stayed. While I talked of the my steps be stayed. While I tal calm, coming days, my mother said:

"I came near forgetting to give you this letter that arrived last night. It was directed here, so I presume it is not from a regular correspondent."

I took the envelope with listless fingers and opened it slowly. The writing was strange, but the words scorehed my brain like words of fire:

"IF Saville Heathcote wishes to see Miss Hildare, he must come directly to Liverpool and inquire for General Serrano. Let him be ex-peditious, for she is ill."

When I came down from my room with my valise in my hand, my mother met me in the hall. I stopped to bid her good-bye.

"I have sometimes thought that you loved er," she said, holding my hands. "Unhappy her," boy! 'tis for her you have exiled yourself. Re-store her to health and bring her back a daughter to me."

My spirit groaned in agony. Oh, would to heaven that I could bring her home with me! Only those who have loved can know how long the journey seemed to me. At last I arrived.

My voice sounded strange to me as I asked the servant:

"Is Miss Hildare here?"
"Yes," he answered. "If you will enter, I will announce you."

I stood in the long salon to which he conducted me, waiting, my heart beating with emotions to which I could give no name. At last he showed me to the room and bade me enter

A faint scent of jasmine pervaded the apartment. All other perfumes were excluded. I paused for one instant at the entrance. Norms was lying on a sofa by the window. Her face was paler—more like the "sunset on alabaster."
At last I saw again that which was dearest on

arth to me. I was on my knees by her side, looking into eyes that were larger than when I saw them last, but were as lustrous, as full of eternal love.

No woman had ever loved me before, and now she was to die. The pain, the happiness of this moment was such that we could not speak. She held my eyes with herintense gaze. Unreservedly, my soul mingled with hers.

At last, it is no sin to love you," she said. "But whether he had been dead or not, I would have blessed my last days on earth with your presence."

The hours glided by while we sat there. Never in her life would I leave her again.

"You will not go from here while I stay?" ne said. "And your memory of me shall be she said. embalmed in the aroma of flowers."

She caressed me with her eyes as she spoke.

I remained as she had said. I made her my wife by the world's rites, as she had so long been the bride of my soul.

Within that mystic zone of everlasting warmth. and verdure, I lived the best and the saddest days of my life. There are words, too sacred to

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be spoken or written, whose dwelling-place is in the life of our life. Such words did my love say to me, murmuring them softly as I held her through the hours of pain.

I sit alone in my old home. My hours of quiet have come to me; still I am not idle. sometimes think I am happier than many men, for, as the years go by, I know that my Dream of Love has sweetened the days for me, and I am happier in loving, though from this world I have lost my love.

#### FACETIÆ.

#### THE LEADING FEATURE.

TOMMY's MAMMA: "Come and say how do you do to Mr. Dubosky; he wants to know you."

Tommy: "Does he? Well, I know him. was in the pantomime, he was, only he had the other things on him then, as well as his nose."

(Of course it is quite unnecessary to state that the good gentleman never was on any stage all his life.)

#### HEAR! HEAR!

OLD WHATSHISNAME says that the womanhood suffrage there is so much talk about must be a mistake, because, don't you see it would be missgovernment.

#### CURIOUS.

It is a strange fact not generally known that, although you can break your fast, you can break lose at the same time.

#### CRUEL.

FAIR ONE (during an interval in the Valse):
"You're very fond of dancing, ain't you?"
BROWN: "Yaas. I go in for it a good deal."
FAIR ONE: "I wonder you don't learn!" -Punch.

FOND MOTHER: "Ah, Harry, if you tell stories you'll go to the bottomless pit, where there is fire and brimstone."

HARRY (who has medicinal remembrances):

Ma, will there be any treacle there?"
(The mother's answer is not transmitted to terity.)

HIGHLY USEFUL RECIPE.—The best way to renovate kid gloves is to pay four and sixpence for a new pair.

### "PAIN"-FUL FACTS.

"Tell me what is fancy bread," the baker's victim has been crying in the papers; for, unfortunately for the consumer, the Court of Queen's Bench and the bakers are at variance in their definition. Still, it may be taken for granted that the ordinary crusty cottage loat—by the way, if a "cottage" is not "household bread," it ought to be—does not come under the denomination of "French, or fancy bread," and therefore should be supplied of full weight. -Funny Folks.

#### "LOOK ON THIS."

MASTER BENJAMIN: "Look at my beautiful gold casket!" MASTER GLADSTONE: "Ah! but look at my

beautiful silver axe!" -Punch.

### STATISTICS.

THE comparative statement of pauperism for December, 1877, and December, 1878, shows that the number of paupers in England and Wales at the end of the Christmas quarter of 1878 was 736,340, which was an increase of 51,122, or 7.5 per cent. compared with 1877, and 62,207, or 9.2 per cent, compared with 1876. In the three divisions, in which the principal manufactures are carried on, the North Midland, North-

Western, and York divisions—the increase in 1878, compared with 1877, was 36,546, or 22.2 per cent.; and in comparison with 1876 the increase was 46,452, or 30 per cent. In the metropolis the increase as compared with 1877, was 1,717, or 21 per cent.; and on a comparison with 1876, there are no increase of 1.927 or 1.57 with 1876, there was an increase of 1,237 or 1.5 per cent. There was a slight decrease in the South-western, Eastern, and South-western dis-

### AT THE GARDEN GATE.

On, my false, false love! do you ever

remember, as falls the leaf in the drear

November, And the days are brief and the gloamings late.

Our courting days in the hushed sad weather, When we lingered so long in the eves

together,

And whispered our vows at the garden gate?

Whether chill the blast, or in Indian summer, Was I ever a tardy or a long-watched

As my swift steps rustled the path of fate? And you, if you waxed for an instant

weary, Did you ever refuse, at my greeting

cheery,
The kiss of peace at the garden gate?

Howsoever mournful the wind and the night were,
Your smile and blush in the dusk so

bright were, Your hand so ready to clasp its mate!

Sunset before us, or stars above us, There was maught in nature but seemed to love us,

Making soft love there at the garden gate.

Now, wailing a dirge over love long buried,

The night-wind comes; and the vows so hurried

Are but dead, sere leaves in the path of fate. Your false, fair face, like the moon's in

coldness Glimmers scornfully on my lonely bold-

As I linger again at the garden

But never again, in the drear Novem-

Do I walk abroad but my heart remembers

The love that so brightened the gloamings late,

If my glance, upon either side, discovers The shadowy forms of what may be

lovers Standing lingeringly at some garden gate. N. D. U. gate.

#### GEMS.

THERE are two difficulties in life: men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and

to indulge more than they can endure.
"I have noticed," said Leigh Hunt, "that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour or generosity, or peevish-ness or a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper and grudginess has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such move-

LET every man do his best to discountenance the abominable habit of swearing, and shun it as an accursed sin in every way. No respectable person will allow himself to be guilty of it. Business men who make a habit of swearing will find themselves avoided by their best customers, for it is known that some persons can suffer no mental punishment equal to profane language.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

To RESTORE CRAPE.—Skimmed milk and water, with a bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, is excellent to restore old rusty black Italian orape. If clapped and pulled dry, like thuslin, it will look as well or better than new.

RICE PUDDING WITH FEUTT.—Swell the rice with a very little milk, over the fire; then mix fruit of any kind with it, currants, gooseberries scalded, pared and quartered apples, raisins, or black currants, and, still better, red-currant jelly, with one egg to bind the rice; boil it well, and serve with powdered cinnamon and sugar.

To Ics.—Beat up one-half pound icing sugar with the whites of two eggs till stiff and smooth; add a little congret flower while the other.

add a little orange-flower water while the cake is still warm; pour the icing over it evenly; orna-ment with fruit, and bake in a moderate oven to harden, but not to colour.

BREAD SAUCE,—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine bread crumbs, add a small onion stuck with three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste. Let the sauce simmer for five minutes, add a small pat of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

HAN TOAST.—Mince lean ham very fine. To a half pint, add the yolks of two eggs, and cream or soup enough to soften it; put in on the fire, and cook for ten minutes, stirring all the time. Serve on toasted bread, and serve it hot.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

It is not generally known that already one of our principal hospitals, which was one of the last built, by the way, has had a very first-rate apparatus ready for cremation for some time.

According to a Metropolitan directory, \$4,250,000 was raised in London last year for charitable objects. This is more than one pound for every man, woman, and child in the

capital.
It is stated that the creditors of Mr. Albert Grant intend to apply to the Metropolitan Board of Works to refund the sixty or seventy thousand pounds said to have been spent by him upon Leicester Square.

Mr. John Gough, the American Temperance orator, has entered into an engagement with the National Temperance League for the delivery of fifty lectures during the coming season. Most of them will be given in the larger provincial towns, and a few in London. ·

Why do not bachelors and widowers form themselves into a Breach of Promise Assurance Society? There are parallels enough and to spare. Every prudent man insures his house and chattels against fire; merchants insure their vessels; and many, when going on even the shortest journeys, provide themselves with an assurance railway ticket.

THE son of the Khedive is on his way to Woolwich, to go through the military schools. It is very cretitable to our military training establishments that foreign princes should in so many instances select them for the education of their sons. In the last century to study the science of war it was necessary for an Englishman to go to the French schools, and Wellington himself was trained at Angers.

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#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. J. K.—Send full name and address. T. B.—Yes, coals were quoted on Feb. 15, 1873, at 52s,

T. B.— 108, coals were quoted on Feb. 16, 1675, at 22s, per ton.

Doubretl.—Occupiers of farms, &c., are liable to income-tax, in England to three-halfpence in the pound; Scotland and Ireland penny farthing. If you are rated at £78 your tax would amount to 9s. 9d.

Jo.—See reply to G. J. K.

Hain.—For removing the superfinous hair on a lady's

removing the superfluous hair on a lady's mend you to try Hart's Specific.

Hain.—For removing the superfinous nair on a may face we recommend you to try Hart's Specific.

M. L.—No.

JESSIZ.—Fill up the moth-caten holes in the table with putty; when dry use Stephens's staining fluid.

A COMMINITY REMOVER.—There is no harmless receipt to set the colour of hair when dyed. All dyes that are safe to use wash off sooner or later.

G. A.—The youngest daughter is by custom entitled to the deceased mother's wedding ring.

AMY.—I. It is an emblem of partiality or attachment.

E. Handwriting excellent.

L. G. L.—Ordinary marriage license, 10s.; special, 25.

Apply to the nearest clergyman.

NORMS.—I. Yes. 2. Very fair. 3. Yes. 4. Complexion no criterion.

Apply to the nearest ciergyman.

Norms.—I. Yes. 2. Very fair. 3. Yes. 4. Complexion no criterion.

Loo.—The word you send is not Greek at all. It is Teastas—from teast, a proof, a character, similar to the Testimonium, testis.

Sandy.—To regild gold frames: Mix some parchment size with water gold size; wash the frame, and lay on the size with a camel's hair brunh; give it two coats; when dry rub them over with fine sand paper. Then lay on your gold size. If any parts are not covered lay on bits of leaf with a dry pencil. Then give the whole a coat of clear, parchment size, and it is finished.

FHILESTHEOPIES.—There is a belief that to wear amber cramments is cominous of svil—but it is only a supersition.

JAMES.—The moisture on the glass is caused by damp, raised, no doubt, by the heat from your gaslight. The only remedy is to keep your shop well warmed throughout the day, so that there will be no damp left for the gas to raise. This precaution is necessary both for your goods and health.

A. H.—Unecound sleen is generally the result of some

only remedy is to keep your shop well warmed throughout the day, so that there will be no damp left for the gas to raise. This precaution is necessary both for your goods and health.

A. H.—Unsound sleep is generally the result of some definite cause. Gentle open-sir exercise in the evenings, with cold bathing of the temples, is generally sufficient to induce sleep in slight cases of incomnia.

Tox.—Avoid quacks and druggists, and consult a doctor personally.

VERTAINAX.—Lentils are properly a species of bean which grows in Egypt; but as food, beans, peas, &c., are all counted as lentile.

Subscruze.—Eingworm consists of a minute insect which burrows in the skin. It is contagious, and chiefy artacks dirty and west people; it shows itself as a red spot, which gradually increases in size.

BES.—For bleeding at the nose avoid exertion, lie with the head and shoulders high, have your food nearly cold. apply ice to the temples, and take clixir of vitriol and water every two or three hours.

JAMIE.—You are liable for your wife's debts contracted to her and became yours on marriage.

ABGLE.—Gold fash should have a supply of fresh river water every day, and when removed for this purpose a met should be used, and the Ssh placed in a bowl of fresh water with a few bread crumbs; take care not to leave the flish.

Habr.—Varnish for bird cages: Take oil of turpentine

HARBY .- Varnish for bird cages: Take oil of turpenting ALERY.—Varnish for Dird cages: Larcoll of turpentine and drop into it strong commercial oil of vitrol; the neid will cause a dark syrupy precipitate in the turpentine. Pour out the liquid, and wash the syrup with water, and it is ready for use. Heat your wire cage, apply the syrup, and allow it to dry.

ROEER W.—We believe they are not employed about the General Post Office in any capacity whatever at present.

-To remove mildew from light kid gloves without injury to them dry the gloves thoroughly, stretch, rub the spots well with a moderately stiff brush, and then with a moderately small quantity of egg albumen or flour paste.

Marian, eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes, loving, would ike to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matri-

mony.

PATTE, nineteem, brown hair, hazeleyes, fond of music, would like to correspond with a young man.

JARES, nineteen, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen.

FAINY and ABLAIDS, two friends, wish to correspond with two gentlemen. Fanny is eighteen, auburn hair, blue eyes. Adalaide is tall, violet eyes, good-looking, and fair.

blue eyes. Adalaide is tall, violet eyes, good-looking, and fair.

Nellie and Amer, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Nellie is nineteen, dark, good-looking. Annie is eighteen, tall, dark. Respondents must be tall and fair.

Nellie and Hilla, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrianony. Nellie is of medium height, fair, dark hair and eyes. Hilda is tall, black hair and eyes. Respondents must be in a good position.

Ernest, twenty-one, medium height, light hair, fond of home and music, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen.

C. A. M., R. H. L., and G. J., three seamen in the Boyal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. C. A. M. is twenty-one, dark hair, brown eves, tall, fond of music and dancing. R. H. L. is twenty-five, medium height, fair, fond of home and children. G. J. is twenty, dark, of a loving disposition.

Herey would like to correspond with a tall young lady, fond of music.

HARRY would like to correspond with a tall young lady, fond of music.

Werderdown, fair, grey eyes, and good-looking, would like to correspond with a dark young man.

Roszward, nineteen, golden hair, violet eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony.

#### "TIME BUNS ON."

We see the blossoms brightly glow, We listen to the brooklet's flow, We hear the gay bird's merry call, We note the blue sky over all; Lo! while we say "The world is swe The white frost chills our waiting fe

The babe, now cradled in our arms, To-morrow wakes to girlhood's charms; Anon, a captive maiden stands, Anon, a captive maiden stands, A willing captive in Löve's bands; Ere long, a world-worn train await Taeir summons, through Death's sombre gate.

From flower to fruit is but a day; From youth to age a swift, brief way; Yet, if we garner fast and well. The ripening harvest who can tell? From time runs on; yet every hour Is rich with some God-given power.

All up and down the world we see Life's royal gifts are scattered free; The patient hand has but to bind The bounteous sheaves, each year to The bounteous sheaves, each year to find Earth's green and gold will turn to wheat Though time runs on, the world is sweet.

We may not find the autumn way Has just the glory of the May,
And silver head and waning sight
May feel "Life's summer was so bright;"
And yet a chastened beauty glows
Where full, rich lives grow near their close.

The world is aweet, yet time runs on;
And when our sones, our flowers are gone,
Lo! others will the sickle wield
Adown the same bright harvest-field;
And others watch, on sunny eves,
The reapers bringing home their sheaves.
L. S. U.

CTRIL, twenty-three, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady, who must be domesticated, fond of home. LONELT JESSIE, twenty-five, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about the same

BE W. L. and G. K., two friends in the Royal Engineers, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. W. L. is twenty-six, dark hair, hazel eves, medium height, fond of home and children. G. K. is twenty, tall, good-looking, fond of music and

dancing.

CLERA and JOSIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Clara is seventeen, fair, medium height, fond of music and dancing. Josie is seventeen, blue eyes, fond of music.

D. A. and L. D., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. D. A. is twenty-three, medium height. L. D. is twenty-three, medium height. L. D. is twenty, tall. Respondents must be fond of music and dancing, good-looking.

HORNIE.

SAMMY, twenty-two, tall, dark brown hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Must be aineteen, fond of home and

calloren. Carnt, twenty-one, andura hair, grey eyes, fair, good-looking, of a loving disposition, and fond of home, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about the same age.

Same age.

Ross, eighteen, curly hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a fair young man about twenty-two.

T. F., twenty-two, a scaman in the Royal Navy, dark, fond of music and dancing, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady about his own age, tall. light brown hair, hazel eyes, good-looking, fond of

REGINALD and GEORGE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Reginald is twenty-two, light hair, grey eyes, medium height, loving, dark. George is twenty-four, fond of home and children, dark, loving. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-three, thoroughly domesticated, and good-tempered.

and children, dark, loving. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-three, thoroughly domesticated, and good-tempered.

A. K. and G. L., two friends, wish to correspond with two gentlemen. A. K. is twenty-four, good-tempered, fond of home, of a loving disposition. G. L. is twenty, fair, medium height.

C. B. and D. A., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. C. B. is twenty-four, dark, handsome. D. A. is fair, blue eyes, good-tempered.

ALICIA, eighteen, brown bair, dark blue eyes, medium height, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-two, dark.

LOUISA, twenty-five, light hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young man about the same age, dark, comesticated.

F. W. and B. D., two friends, would like to correspond with a disposition, fond of home and children, brown hair, blue eyes. B. D. is twenty-one, good-looking, dark brown hair, blue eyes, loving, medium height. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-one.

ALDERT, eighteen, dark hair and eyes, fond of music and dancing, would like to correspond with a young ladies. L. V., is twenty-three, light hair, blue eyes, medium height. A. T. is twenty-one, tall, dark hair, blue eyes.

G. K. and E. A. C., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony, G. K. is twenty-one, dark hair, blue eyes. E. A. C. is nineteen, light hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, medium height.

M. B. and E. B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony G. K. is twenty-one, dark hair, blue eyes. E. A. C. is nineteen, light hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, medium height.

M. B. and E. B., two friends, would like to correspond with a pour ladies of the view of the proposition, medium height.

of h. is deed, very distributed and the control of the control of

disposition.

Alica M., medium height, fair, dark eyes, would like to correspond with a dark gentleman about twenty-four, tall.

#### COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

J. L. is responded to by—Jessie N., eighteen, brown air, blue eyes, fair, of a loving disposition, and fond of

hair, blue eyes, fair, of a loving disposition, fazel eyes, fond of home.

G. A. by—Florry H., nineteen, loving, black hair, hazel eyes, fond of home, dark hair and eyes.

RHODA by—Alonzo.

EMILT by—Rainer, twenty-two, tall.

H. H. by—Violet, brown hair, dark eyes, good-looking, tall.

tall.

S. M. by—Hartie, twenty, medium height, dark hair and eyes, fond of home and children.

S. M. by—Elaine, twenty-two, dark brown hair and eyes, domesticated.

H. H. by—Roda, twenty, dark hair and eyes, fond of home and children. Rose by—F. G., twenty-one, dark, tall, of a loving dis-

CORA by-B. G., twenty, fair, fond of home, loving, and ood-looking.
Dobourn's by—F. S.
Maud by—C. W., twenty-one, light hair, good-looking,

tall.

T. D. by-Lilian, twenty-three.

A. A. by-Annie, nineteen.
GERFIE by-H. D., twenty, dark, fond of home and childrea.

Saw by-Alice, twenty-five, brown hair, hazel eyes, good-tempered, of a loving disposition, dark, fond of nome and music.

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